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THE GITANA.

Expressly translated
for the FAVORITE
from the French
of Xavier de
Montepin.

III.

THE MAN IN THE RED COAT.

Before the Frenchman had recovered from his surprise the dancing girl had passed on. She was now standing in front of a man of a most uninviting aspect, who had watched her with a frown of displeasure as she kissed her benefactor's hand. He was almost a giant in height and alarmingly thin, and, withal, so fearfully and wonderfully ugly that by his side the one-eyed musician almost seemed handsome. His head was disproportionately small to the length of his body, and terminated in a chin at once square and pointed, over which bristled the ends of a long well-waxed black moustache. The face bore an unmistakable stamp of villany, the effect of which was considerably heightened by the expression of ferocity imparted to it by the moustache.

This strange being was dressed in a semi-military costume. Some remains of tarnished gold lacing still clung in desperation to his faded red coat, and his dirty white breeches and black gaiters bore evident signs of long wear and hard usage. At his side hung a rapier of prodigious length.

As the girl stopped before him the man in the red coat took her by the hand.

"Well, my angel," he said with a disagreeable smile, "I have something to propose—something better than a pitiful contribution."

"What is it?" returned the girl without any show of discomposure.

"An exchange, my dear."

"Well, what is it?"

"You kissed the hand of the gentleman who gave you three onzas just now."

"Yes. What then?"

"Well, I'll give you a hundred dollars for a kiss on the cheek."

The girl shook her head.

"You won't, eh? Perhaps you think I have not got a hundred dollars to give. Look here."

And from a pocket of his greasy breeches he pulled a handful of shining Mexican onzas and Spanish quadruples.

"What do ye think of it now?" he asked.

"I will not do it," said the girl.

"No? Why not?"

"Because I do not sell my kisses."

"If you don't sell them you give them for nothing."

"Perhaps so, but what of that?"

"A good deal, my dear, because I am going to have for nothing what I was willing to pay for." And the hideous being stretched out his bony arms to seize her.

With a scream the girl started back to avoid the unwelcome salute, and in so doing dropped

her tin bowl and its contents which rolled in every direction under the tables and chairs.

The ill-favored gallant was not to be balked, and stepping forward he seized the girl by the waist amid the laughter and applause of those present.

In vain the girl cried, "Help me, my brother, help." In vain she struggled and fought. The amorous ogre had it all his own way, while the musician, instead of heeling his sister, whom he evidently thought was in no very great danger, was fully employed. When the bowl containing the contributions of the audience fell from the girl's hands he had immediately set to collecting the contents; and now in the moment of his sister's need he was scrambling on all fours about the room picking up the scattered coin.

"Oh, caramba!" he murmured in a piteous voice as he hunted in the angles and recesses of the room, "they are scattered all over the place. Oh, misery, what a fool that Carmen is; to go and refuse a hundred dollars all at a stroke—and lose three ounces of gold—without counting the reals too, oh! caramba!"

The dancing girl, whom her brother had called Carmen, was all but conquered. Her delicate cheeks flushed crimson as the ogre raised her veil, which in the struggle has fallen over her face.

"Let this be a lesson to you," he cried. "When people won't either sell me or give me a thing I've a fancy to take it."

"Not always," said a hoarse voice in his ear.

The ogre turned. The speaker was the young Frenchman, whose hand was laid on the red-coat's shoulder.

"What's the matter with you?" gruffly asked the latter, looking down on his diminutive adversary.

"Senor," returned the Frenchman, "it is only the coward who uses force with women. Let this be a lesson to you, to use your own words. Let the girl go."

"An order, by Heaven—to me. I believe it was an order?" he muttered with an air of amusement and contempt.

"An order? Certainly."

"D'ye know to whom you're speaking?"

"I know I am speaking to a knave whom I am going to chastise just now if he does not obey me this instant."

"I am Don Ramirez Mazatlan, colonel in the Mexican army."

"If you were Don the Devil himself I would still say to you 'Let the girl go!'"

"And suppose I refuse?"

"I will run my sword through you, that is all. You see I mean business."

As he spoke the Frenchman drew from its sheath the little court rapier that hung at his side.

"Look ye here, young man," said the other as he surveyed with an air of sovereign contempt the preparations of the bellicose French-

was formed around the combatants, those in the rear mounting on tables and chairs to obtain a better view.

On seeing the Frenchman fall on guard with a facility and precision that can only be acquired by an experienced swordsman the Mexican made a step backwards. He evidently had miscalculated his adversary's courage and ability. But a glance from his thirty inches of steel to the "knitting needle" in the Frenchman's hand completely reassured him.

Brandishing over his head, with the air of a captain leading his men to battle, his huge claymore, the blade of which was spotted with rust, and stamping his foot on the ground, he yelled:

"Come on, if you dare!"

"I am waiting for you, senor the Mexican colonel."

"That means to say that you are afraid."

"Not at all. On the contrary. Don't you see that I am coming?"

As he uttered these last words the young man bounded forward, his body slightly bent, passed swift as a flash under the threatening blade of his opponent and with a sudden lunge pierced, this time not only the red coat, but the flesh beneath, inflicting a painful though not very deep wound.

Astonished and frightened, the Mexican beat a retreat, tripped in so doing against a table which stood behind him, lost his balance, and ignominiously bit the dust. A burst of Homer's

man, "put up that knitting-needle of yours and bear in mind that a Mexican colonel would only make a mouthful of you."

"Look to yourself, senor colonel. The knitting needle is sharp, and though you are at best but lean game, you may find yourself spitted on it before you know where you are. For the third and last time I bid you let the girl go."

The ogre replied with a sneer.

"Once!—twice!—thrice! You will not, eh? Very well."

In an instant the little rapier whistled through the air, ripped a small hole in the pretended colonel's scarlet coat and grazed his fleshless, shaggy breast. With a scream of rage and a horrible blasphemy the ogre dropped the girl and tore his immense sword from its scabbard.

"Recommend your soul to the devil," he yelled. "You are a dead man."

"Permit me to doubt it just yet, senor Ramirez Mazatlan, colonel in the Mexican army," returned the other in a bantering tone as he put himself on guard.

On recovering her liberty Carmen, with a shriek of terror, had fled from the house followed by her brother, who had at last succeeded in finding the three gold onzas.

In the excitement caused by the prospect of a fight monte and the loteria were alike forgotten. The gamblers left their cards and the croupiers their desks—the latter after having taken good care to lock their money safely away. A circle

laughter greeted this new discomfiture. Foam- ing with rage he picked himself up, and in a voice choked with passion hissed out:

"Treachery! That was no fair hit."
"How so, may it please you, senor colonel," asked the Frenchman, who had been unable to resist joining in the general laugh.
"We are fighting with swords, and you strike as you would with a knife."
"Perhaps you think I have an advantage over you, and would like to exchange weapons. In that case I shall be happy to accommodate you."

Fresh screams of laughter greeted the young officer's irony.

"Well," he continued, "of what do you com- plain?"

"I haven't room here. What, the mischief! I'm no pasteboard Punchinello to fight in a box. I've my ways, I have, when I've got a sword in my hand—"

"So it seems. But I have no wish to be dis- agreeable, so I will make a proposal. Let us fight it out in the garden."

"So be it. But look to yourself—"

"No, no, colonel. You are mistaken. It is you that should look to yourself. Why, in your headstrong courage you have managed so as to get hurt behind as well as before."

This sally evoked fresh applause and laugh- ter, which lashed the huge Mexican into fury. The two combatants stepped into the garden, whil- ther they were followed by the crowd, and took their positions under the trees.

Ramirez, without stopping to put himself on guard, began to describe the strangest figures with his cleaver. Trusting to the length of his weapon he hoped thus to reach his enemy, at the same time keeping him off at a safe dis- tance. But he did not take into consideration either the agility or the skill which his ad- versary had already displayed. The young man, with a wonderful suppleness and adroitness, easily avoided the blows aimed at him, and finally, when the Mexican had thoroughly tired himself, he again darted forward, as he had done in the first encounter, and with a skillfully directed thrust laid open his opponent's cheek.

On feeling this second wound the *soi-disant* colonel gave himself up for lost, and turning on his heel made for the gate in a series of Gargan- tian strides.

The Frenchman followed,
"Vamos, cobarde," he cried; which means in English, come on, coward.

The Mexican ran all the faster, followed by the yell of the crowd, in which even the big negro joined:

"Vamos, cobarde, vamos!"

As he reached the gate, the colonel felt the tip of the rapier at his back. Terror lent new wings to his speed. Gathering his strength for a last effort at one bound he cleared the hedge and found himself in the empty street. But it was too late. The little rapier had opened a great gash clean across his back—not the most desirable place for a redoubtable warrior to receive a wound.

Fresh and redoubled shouts of laughter greet- ed this undignified exit. Two or three of the on-lookers rushed to the gate with the intention of capturing the fugitive and compelling him to renew the combat. But the gallant colonel was nowhere to be seen.

IV.

CARMEN AND MORALES.

The dancing-girl, Carmen, had, as we have seen, left the gambling-house just as the Mexi- can drew his sword and, to all appearances, was about to make a mouthful of the young French- man, "knitting-needle" and all.

She was closely followed by her brother, who found her seated on the ground in front of the garden gate, her elbows on her knees and her face hidden in her hands. In the darkness he would have passed her had she not called to him.

"What the devil are you doing there, Car- men?" he asked.

"I am thinking."

"Thinking! of what?"

"Can't you guess?"

"My faith, no; unless it is of the pretty little sum we have earned this evening."

"No. Not that."

"Then I give it up. He must be a cleverer fellow than I who can guess a woman's thoughts."

"I am thinking of that young man who de- fended me so bravely when you cowardly aban- doned me to that wretch."

"Bah! You are a fool, and the young fellow is an idiot. Refuse a hundred dollars for one poor little kiss! Why, it's absurd. I can hard- ly bring myself to forgive you. As for the Frenchman, he has mixed himself up in a ridi- culous affair, for you were not in danger. How- ever, he gave you three onzas, and I hope he may get out of the scrape without hurt."

"Morales, do you know that while we are talking here he may be bleeding to death?"

"Not much fear of it. Colonel Ramirez is not dangerous."

"Do you know him?"

"Everyone in Havana knows him! He is a great filibuster—a braggart who talks a great deal and does very little. He is always brag- ging about his fighting, but when it comes to the scratch he is the veriest coward living."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure? Yes. I would bet our three ounces of gold to a beggarly maravedi that the colonel is frightened of the Frenchman. Are you satis- fied now?"

"Well, somewhat."

"In that case, as there is nothing to detain us here, let us be off."

"Go, if you want to. I shall remain here."

"Here? In the street?"

"Here. In the street."

"You must be out of your mind, Carmen."

"Not a bit of it."

"But what do you intend doing?"

"Waiting for him."

"Him. The Frenchman, eh? Caramba. Are you going to speak to him?"

"Certainly not."

"Then I don't understand what motive you have for remaining."

"I have two reasons. First, I want to be sure that he is safe and unhurt; and secondly, I mean to follow him, and find out what is his name and where he lives."

"What does it matter to you?"

Carmen made no answer.

"I suppose you are in love with him?"

It was now the girl's turn to ask:

"What does it matter to you?"

"As your brother I have a right to see that you do not commit yourself to an absurd piece of folly."

"Who told you that I was going to do any such thing?"

"But it seems to me—"

"It seems to you! As for your brotherly rights, you know perfectly well that I absolute- ly refuse to recognize them. I am your sister, true. But our relationship is nothing more to you than in so far as it enables you to pocket all the money I earn by my singing and dancing. What would become of you without me? Your voice, fine as it is, would not earn you a living. The day that I leave you you will have to go a-begging or a-stealing, and you know this as well as I do, my poor brother."

Morales hung his head and made no reply; his sister was right. Carmen continued:

"Then don't make such a display of pretend- ed authority. Remember that I can get on very well without you, and, consequently, when I say that I wish a thing to be done it has got to be done."

"That is enough," growled the brother, evi- dently in a bad humor. "Do as you like, since you refuse to be guided by my experience. So you want to know where the young Frenchman lives?"

"I do."

"Very well; then we will follow him. But what will Quirino say?"

"Quirino will not say anything."

"You think so?"

"I am sure of it; and that for the best of all reasons. Quirino will not know anything about it—unless you tell him, and you will not do that."

"Well, well," grunted Morales, "women have the devil's own will. But I wash my hands of the results of this escapade."

So saying he sat down at Carmen's side, and as an agreeable means of passing the time, set to work to count up the earnings of the day. As he was thus occupied a noise of many voices was heard in the garden, followed by a dead silence broken by a clashing of swords. Carmen shuddered. Soon the clashing ceased; a scrap- ing of feet was heard in its place, and cries of "Vamos, cobarde." Then a huge black mass, resembling the form of a gigantic orang-outang, rose in the air, landed in the street, and disap- peared. It was Ramirez making the great leap which did so much honor to his muscle and so little to his manhood.

Carmen and her brother both recognized the colonel.

"You see," whispered Morales, "I told you he was not dangerous. Caramba, how he runs! My faith, he would outrun a deer. That's a fine talent he possesses, that fellow. It's a good thing to have long legs when one's courage fails."

"Where is he gone to?" asked Carmen.

"I suppose that by this time he is racing up the Cala del Obispo."

"I did not see him go out of the street."

"No more did I. But it is so dark that by keeping close to the houses he could easily get away without our seeing him."

"Morales!"

"Well."

"This Mexican is a coward who runs from a sword, but he may have recourse to the knife."

"Not unlikely."

"And he is sure to revenge himself on the Frenchman."

"Possibly. Nay more, probably."

"How do we know that he is not lurking in some corner there waiting for a chance to as- sassinate the Frenchman?"

"He will not try it to-night, I think. To- morrow, perhaps."

"Then the Frenchman must be warned."

"Who is to warn him?"

"You."

"Not I, indeed. I don't intend getting up a quarrel with Quirino."

"Quirino again?"

"Gracioso, yes—again, and again, and again, for evermore. He is as jealous as a tiger and as crafty as a serpent."

"After all I am not his wife."

"No, but you are betrothed to him, and I promise you I would not give a single real for the Frenchman's life if Quirino were to learn one word of what we are talking about, espe- cially if you carry out your insane idea."

"In that case, once my husband, Quirino would make me his slave."

"Not exactly," replied Morales, "for the man perfectly adores you, but he is naturally so

suspicious that he might watch you rather closely."

"So much the worse for him then. I will never marry him."

"And your promise?"

"I will take it back."

"He will not bear of it."

"We will see about that. You have often told me, Morales, that I have in my veins the blood of the old Moorish kings of Spain."

"That's true. We are descended, illegiti- mately, from the great Boabdil himself, and I can prove it."

"You see, I am born to command, not to obey. At times the illustrious blood you speak of inspires me with strange thoughts. I dream of riches and greatness. I long to possess an immense fortune and to bear an illustrious name."

Morales burst out laughing.

"Caramba! Do you know, little one, that your ambition soars high. Riches and great- ness, an immense fortune and an illustrious name! Is that all? Well, I could thirst for the same things, but unfortunately the cup is too far from our lips to allow of our drinking. We may dream as much as we like, but we shall never be anything else but what we are—a couple of poor devils."

"Who knows?" thought Carmen. "At eigh- teen, with the spirit of a demon and the beauty of an angel, one ought to be able to reach any position."

"Well," continued Morales, "what is to be the end of all this?"

"The end of it? I will never marry Quirino."

"Take care, Carmen, he will have his re- venge."

"Revenge! On me! Revenge himself on a woman! If he tried to do that he would be a greater coward than that Mexican scoundrel there."

Morales gave vent to his feelings in a grunt, but did not venture to say what he thought.

After the flight of Ramirez the Frenchman and the crowd who had witnessed the duel re- turned to the house and resumed their play. After a couple of games, in which fortune no longer favored him he rose and went to the croupier's desk for his winnings. Having tied up the rolls of gold in his handkerchief he was making for the door when a thought struck him. Returning to the desk he asked:

"Can you give me any information with re- gard to these two singers who were here just now?"

"I cannot, senor," returned the croupier.

"Have you never seen them before?"

"Never, senor. They are evidently strangers recently arrived in Havana. Does your honor wish me to make any inquiries about them?"

"Thank you, no. It would be perfectly use- less."

"Your honor will permit me to observe that creatures of this kind, in this city especially, are exceedingly dangerous. I have never yet heard of an affair in which a gitana was concerned that did not end with the knife."

"Your intention is good," said the French- man with an air of disdain, "and I thank you, but I am perfectly able to take care of myself."

And passing his bundle over his left arm he left the house, dropping, as he passed, a handful of reals into the hand of the negro porter who was fast asleep in his rocking-chair.

V.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

Carmen was right when she told her brother that she had not seen Ramirez leave the street. After clearing the hedge he ran as fast as his legs would carry him towards the Cala del Obis- po, under the impression that the possessor of the murderous "knitting-needle" was close at his heels. On finding, however, that no one was in pursuit he turned into an empty house, the door of which happened to be standing open, and there lay in wait for his late adversary on whom he was determined to have his revenge.

Meantime Carmen and Morales, whom he had not had time to observe, sat in silence waiting for the Frenchman to make his appearance.

At the expiration of an hour the garden gate was opened and the young officer, gaily hum- ming an opera air, stepped into the street.

"There he is," whispered Carmen under her breath.

"Caramba! I see him," returned Morales.

"Let us follow him."

"Patience for a moment. Let him get a little further on, so that he will not see us."

When the young man had made some hun- dred paces Morales rose.

"Come," he said, "let us go now."

Carmen started off at a great pace with a view to diminishing the distance between the French- man and themselves. Shrugging his shoulders philosophically Morales grumbled:

"Oh, these women, these women! trouble- some set that they are. Caramba, this one here takes it into her head to go on a wild goose chase and who knows but what Quirino will hold me responsible. I would give those three ounces of gold if this evening's work could be undone."

His mournful reflections were interrupted by his sister who, tightening her grasp on his arm, whispered excitedly in his ear:

"Look! look!"

Morales raised his head, and on seeing what was going on gave vent to his astonishment in his favorite exclamation, "Caramba!"

The Frenchman had just past the empty house in which Ramirez was concealed, and was closely followed by the Mexican. The latter

had just raised his immense sword, intending to bring it down upon his adversary's head, when a loud shriek burst from the dancing-girl.

"Without your help," she exclaimed, pushing her brother forward with all her strength, "he is lost."

"But it was too late. The blade of the Mexi- can's sword descended with fearful force upon the head of the devoted young man, who rolled senseless upon the ground. Drawing his hanger Morales rushed upon the assassin, who imme- diately on seeing the danger threatening him took to his heels. He was however no match for his pursuer. In a few short strides Morales reached him and drove his sword clean through the Mexican's body. With a horrible blasphe- my Ramirez fell dead. At this juncture Car- men came up.

"Well?" she asked, gasping for breath.

"It's all over," returned Morales as he wiped his sword with a handful of grass. "He's dead."

"O! poor fellow!" cried the girl, thinking that her brother spoke of the Frenchman.

"Caramba! That's just the way with women. They ask you to kill a man, and when you have done it they complain, caramba."

Then changing his tone, he added:

"Look here, Carmen, when you sent me after the colonel, you knew it would fare badly with one of us. Would you have preferred seeing me lying dead in his place?"

"Pooh, who cares for that wretch?"

"What are you talking about then?"

"You know perfectly well. About him—the young man. Did you not say that he is dead?"

"Faith, no. Why the mischief should he be dead? Unless I am very much mistaken the Mexican had not time to finish him. He is only stunned by the blow with the flat of the sword."

Brother and sister both bent over the French- man, but with very different intentions, Carmen wished to see if life still remained in the inani- mate body. Morales intended merely to exa- mine his pockets.

Simultaneous each uttered a cry of joy. The young girl had discovered a faint palpitation of the heart. Her brother had come across the bundle of gold.

"He lives," cried the one.

"His winnings," muttered the other. "My fortune is made."

With a dexterity that was the fruit of long ex- perience Morales untied the handkerchief and emptied the contents into his capacious pockets. This done he remembered the money with which the colonel had endeavored to purchase a kiss. This soon followed the Frenchman's win- nings.

"Caramba," he murmured in ecstasy, "two or three more adventures like this and I shall be the richest man in Havana. Bless you a hundred times, my dear colonel, illustrious dead, for putting me in the way of such a stroke of luck."

While Morales was thus giving way to his transports of joy, Carmen still held her hand over the young man's heart. In removing her hand she felt a small pocket book which had fallen from the breast pocket of the coat. This she took and slipped into her bosom.

"Morales," she exclaimed suddenly, "we cannot leave this poor young man here."

"What the mischief are we to do with him, my dear sister?"

"You are strong enough to carry him."

"Yes, but where shall I take him?"

"To the first house we find open. No one can refuse to take him in the state he is in."

"All the houses are shut at this time of night."

"Then we must take him home with us."

Morales made no answer. He appeared to be listening attentively to something at the other end of the street.

"Hark," he said, after a moment's indecision.

"Don't you hear something? It seems to me that I hear some one coming."

As he spoke several lights appeared in the direction indicated, advancing slowly towards them.

"I thought as much," he continued. "Here are some people coming just in the nick of time to help us out of the difficulty. They will take care of the young fellow very much better than we could."

"But suppose they are robbers?"

"Robbers, indeed—with torches. That's hardly likely."

"Well, in any case we will wait for them."

"Wait for them! Caramba, are you mad, Carmen? They are coming, quick let us hide ourselves in this empty house."

"Why should we hide ourselves?"

"Because I don't want to be accused of having murdered these two men for the sake of plun- der."

"But you didn't murder them."

"Well, no. But you see it would be utterly impossible for me to prove my innocence. The Frenchman does not know who it was tried to assassinate him. And as I did kill the Mexican to save the other I should be sure to be con- victed. And that would not suit my views. Caramba, I have been hung once and I don't care to have the operation repeated."

And so saying Morales seized his sister's arm and hurried into the empty house.

VI.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

As the two disappeared the lights drew nearer and nearer, and the brother and sister were soon able to distinguish a cortege of some half dozen people surrounding a palanquin, which was

borne on the shoulders of two stalwart negroes. On either side of the palanquin walked a negro torch bearer, and the procession was headed by a tall European, who stalked along with the majestic air of importance that a confidential and trusted servant knows so well how to assume. Under his arm he carried a huge carbine, and three or four pistols were stuck in his belt.

Between the silken curtains of the palanquin the occupant was plainly visible—a lovely young girl of eighteen richly dressed in ball costume.

As the little procession slowly passed along the white servant suddenly stopped with an exclamation of terror. The negroes, as they reached the spot, re-echoed the cry. The young girl hastily raised herself on her elbow to ask the reason of the stoppage and the meaning of the exclamations of terror.

"What is the matter, Pablo?"

The servant went up to the litter and replied: "Senorina, there are two dead bodies lying in the middle of the road—two men—in a pool of blood."

"Oh! poor fellows," cried the girl pityingly. "Are you sure that they are really dead, Pablo? We might possibly be able to restore them. See what you can do."

In obedience to his mistress' commands the servant, accompanied by one of the torch-bearers, bent over the two bodies, and carefully examined them, in the hope that some faint spark of life might still remain.

His examination completed he returned to the litter.

"Senorina, one of them has been run through the body, and must have died instantly, without even the time to recommend his soul to his patron saint. Moreover I don't think his death is much to be regretted, he is evidently a thorough scoundrel."

"And the other?"

"The other is a handsome young gentleman, senorina. He is evidently a stranger, and a man of family, for he wears a ring bearing a coat of arms. His little sword is not drawn. Unless I am much mistaken he was attacked from behind and I should not wonder if it was by that ruffian there. But I can't make out how the scoundrel was killed, for he certainly was not run through by the young gentleman."

"What does that matter," exclaimed the girl impatiently, "what we have to do is to try to restore the stranger."

"Do you happen to have a vinaigrette or smelling-bottle about you Senorina?"

"Yes, here, take it, and see what you can do."

"The servant bent over the insensible Frenchman and held the strong salts to his nostrils."

The young man gave some feeble signs of life; his eyelids opened for an instant and he slightly raised his head but almost immediately fell back again in a swoon.

(To be continued.)

UNSAID.

For days and weeks upon the lip has hung
A precious something for an absent ear—
Some tender confidence but lately sprung,
Some dear confession that but one must hear.

The heart repeats it over day by day,
And fancies how and when the words will fall—
What answering smile upon the face will play,
What tender light will linger over all.

But eager eyes that watch for one alone
May grow reluctant; for the open gate
Lets in, with him, perchance a guest unknown,
On whom slow words of courtesy must wait.

Or when the presence waited for has come,
It may be dull or cold, too sad or light;
A look that shows the heart away from home
Can often put the dearest words to flight.

Perhaps the time of meeting, or the form,
May chill or wither what we longed to say:
What fits the sunshine will not fit the storm—
What blends with twilight jars with noon of day.

Again, when all things seem our wish to serve,
Full opportunity may strike us dumb—
May sink our precious thoughts in deep reserve,
And to the surface bid the lightest come.

And often ere our friend is out of sight,
We start: the thing can scarce be credited—
We have been silent, or our words been trite,
And here's the dearest thing of all unsaid!

BASHFUL PAUL;

OR,

HOW SHE WON HIM.

A HINT FOR THE LADIES.

The neighbors called Paul Manchester an old bachelor.

Indignant spinsters called him "old" with emphasis.

And as an unmarried man, perhaps he was old.

Yet, reckoning upon the basis of real, vimmy manhood, he was younger by far than many who were called youthful.

He was forty-five; strong, stalwart and ruddy;

not a gray hair upon his head nor in his beard; and as kind and genial of disposition—down in his heart—as man can be.

Once, when quite young, Paul Manchester had been disappointed; but he had never been jilted.

In those earlier years he had loved, and had evidently been loved in return; but his surpassing bashfulness had swamped him.

He had not been able to speak the magic word—his tongue had paralyzed as often as he had essayed it; he had finally gone away on business for an indefinite period, and during his absence Clara Seymour, thinking him no true lover, accepted the proposal and the hand of a bolder man.

And now Paul Manchester was five-and-forty. Most of his manhood's life had been spent abroad, and he had returned to the home of his youth, possessed of an ample fortune, thinking to settle down and find peace and comfort amid the scenes of the other and brighter years.

But he was not so happy as he had hoped to be.

There was a lack in his life.

His great heart, at this rate, would wear itself out with its own yearnings.

One day Jack Phillips hit Uncle Paul between wind and water.

Jack was his nephew—a son of his only sister—a sister dead these ten years, who had left her son in charge of her dear brother.

Paul had been faithful and true in the discharge of his duties as guardian, and now that his nephew had grown to manhood—for Jack was twenty-two—he treated him as a brother, and for a season felt young again in the boy's companionship.

But by and by Jack fell in love, and gave more of his time to a certain Lucy Hanscomb than he did to his uncle, and his uncle grew fretful and morose.

Paul Manchester was on this day repeating, for the thousand and first time, his determination to go abroad again. He did not find "this quiet sort of humdrum life" suited to him.

"Uncle Paul," broke in Jack, boldly, "you're a fraud and a cheat."

Paul stopped in his walk, and faced his nephew aghast.

"Jack!—what d'ye mean?"

"I mean just what I say. You are defrauding and cheating yourself. You've always defrauded and cheated yourself."

"Jack!"

"Didn't you once love Clara Seymour?"

"What do you know of Clara Seymour? She died while you were a boy."

"And yet I remember her very well as one of the kindest and best of women. Now tell me, Uncle Paul—didn't you cheat yourself out of that precious prize just by your own stupid bashfulness and timidity?"

Paul Manchester sat down by his reading table and rested his head upon his hand.

"And," continued Jack, after a pause, "aren't you now doing the same thing over again?"

"Eh? You young rascal! what do you mean?"

"I mean this: Mary Hanscomb—she that was Mary Seymour, and sister of Clara—is as true, and handsome and noble a woman as lives; and I know that you love her."

"Silence!"

"But don't I speak the truth?"

"None of your business. And it's none of nobody's business. What have I to do with the Widow Hanscomb?"

"Don't call her so. Call her plain Mary. You know she married to please her parents."

"I don't know anything about it."

"Then I can tell you. She married, when only nineteen, to please her father. Her husband lived only a year after that, and she was for most of the time his nurse. Since then she has received many offers, but has rejected them all."

"Bah! I am old enough to be her father."

"Not quite, Uncle Paul. You are thinking of her as the little girl who used to climb upon your knee when you were in the habit of visiting her sister Clara. She is thirty-eight now."

"How do you know that she used to climb upon my knee?"

"She has told me so herself. She loved you then; and if she don't love you now, then I am no judge of woman."

"You are a fool!—that's what you are, Jack Phillips!"

"And you are another, Paul Manchester, if you don't go in and secure this blessing. What a home you might have—what comfort and happiness—with such a wife! There are hundreds who would jump at the chance of becoming mistress of this mansion, and not one of them so worthy as she. And, moreover, you know she cannot seek your fortune, for she is wealthy already in this world's goods."

"Jack Phillips, I will hear no more. You are a presumptuous rascal. I tell you I am going back to California."

"And while you are about it, Uncle Paul, you may secure passage for two. When you go I will go with you."

"And leave Lucy Hanscomb behind?"

"I shall leave her in good hands—with her Aunt Mary."

"Get out of this! You won't go to California. I won't have it. Be off—I have writing to do."

Jack arose and left the library, but Paul Manchester did not go at any writing. On the contrary, he went into a fit of musing which lasted until the shadows of evening had settled upon all about him.

Meanwhile Jack Phillips made his way to the residence of Mrs. Hanscomb. He was a

frequent visitor beneath that roof, for there lived the girl who had promised to be his wife. But "Aunt Mary" was the person he now sought, and he held a long and earnest conference with her.

Mary Hanscomb was all that Jack had represented her. Her eight and thirty years of life had developed in her a perfect woman. She was not queenly, nor was she imposing. She was lovely and loving, and unconscious of her chief charms. In short, she was good and true. Her goodness was of the heart, flowing out as naturally as the stream flows from its parent fountain.

"Aunt Mary, if you love me—if you love Lucy," cried Jack, at the end of half an hour's conversation, "you will make the attack. You love Uncle Paul—you love him dearly; and I know he loves you; but he will not speak. He is a coward. He will die before he will dare to ask for the joy which you alone can give him. I know whereof I speak. I have touched him—touched him carefully for your sake—upon that spot many times, and have found it as tender as the heart of a girl."

"Jack, I dare not," said the woman, trembling perceptibly. "I cannot—O, I cannot."

"But, Aunt Mary, you must do it. This is Leap-year. Exercise for once the right of your sex. If you do not find some way to exert your influence, Uncle Paul will leave us, and this time it will be forever. Will you see him go, and not raise a hand to save him?"

"Jack, if I thought—if I knew—"

"I tell you, I know all about it. And so do you. You know he loves you. Only last Sunday I found your picture in his old Bible—the Bible that he has carried around the world with him."

"My picture, Jack? I never gave him one."

"Because he never dared to ask you for it. But he begged it of the photographer."

Mary Hanscomb rested her head upon her hand, and when Jack saw that a fugitive tear was stealing down between her fingers, he slipped away to find Lucy.

It was evening again, and Paul Manchester was alone in his library. A servant announced that a lady wished to see him. With a grunt and a growl he directed that she be admitted to his presence.

The lady entered, and throwing aside her veil, revealed the sweet, blushing face of Mary Hanscomb. Paul was surprised—confounded. His heart thumped and his face flushed. But only for a moment. Directly he took the visitor cordially by the hand, and having bade her welcome, he presented a seat. As he resumed his own seat he flushed again. Upon his table lay a photograph. He caught it up and hid it away in a book—not, however, until the visitor's quick glance had detected it.

For a little time Mary Hanscomb was confused. She had flushed, and she had paled; and when she had seen that picture she had flushed again. Paul Manchester was not an old bachelor to her. She had him in mind as he was in the other years, when her heart had gone out to him in reverent love and respect. She bore him in her thoughts as she had borne him after her older sister had married, and she had sorrowed because she had thus become separated from the man she would have so loved to call brother. And she drew him in thought still nearer—as, when her father had prevailed upon her to give her hand to John Hanscomb, she had said to herself—"O, if it were only Paul Manchester come back to claim me in place of Clara!" To her Paul was still the same, and she loved him with a love that was deep and strong and true.

For a little time she was confused, but with a mighty effort she summoned her strength, and brought a smile to her face!

"I hope I have not disturbed you in the midst of important business, Mr. Manchester?" What music there was in that voice!

"O, no, madam. I was only reading."

"You were interested?"

"Yes. It was an interesting work."

"I have a curiosity to know what kind of literature claims your interest. Am I too presuming?"

"Not at all." He laid his hand upon the nearest book—a new one—"Census Re"—Pshaw! that's not the one. Ah—here I laid it—Webster's Unabridged," and threw the book down with a thump that might have passed for an oath.

Mrs. Hanscomb laughed a merry, tinkling laugh, and then led on to other matters. At length she grew solemn and serious.

"Mr. Manchester," she said, with an appealing look that cut straight to the bachelor's great heart, "I am going to trust you as I would trust no other living man. I need not call to your mind why you are as a brother to me—the only brother I ever had—in fact, the only strong, true man on the earth to whom I could dare look for counsel and sympathy."

How Paul Manchester's heart swelled and thumped. Had he stood at the very gates of Paradise, with peris singing him a song of welcome, he could not have been more deeply moved with rapture.

"I have called," she went on, "to consult you in an important matter—a matter to me of almost fearful moment—I know I may speak plainly to you?"

"Speak anything, madam."

"I am, even now, comparatively alone in the world; and when Lucy leaves me, as she soon may do, I shall be alone entirely. The temptation has been offered—no, I cannot call it a temptation—the opportunity has been offered

me for companionship; but I do not wish to go blindly into trouble. You are acquainted with Mr. James Oakman?"

"I know him," answered Paul in surprise. "And do you not think he would make a good, true husband?"

"A—what?—who—Oakman?"

"Yes,—I speak of James Oakman. Do not allow sympathy for your friend to mislead your tongue."

"My friend?—Who do you call my friend?"

"Mr. Oakman."

"The —! Ma'am, he's no friend of mine. He's a fellow! He's a fraud! He's a villain! I bought him for seventy-five dollars—lent him that amount, and haven't seen him since,—and I think I bought him off cheap!"

"Alas! so drop the stars from our firmament. It will be dark by and by. I thank you for your frankness, sir. I think the man looked more to my bank account than to me. But he is not alone. He drops where other pining, worthless lights have dropped before him." She arose, and extended both her hands as she continued:

"Pardon me for interrupting you, Paul. You don't blame me?"

"Blame—"

"You don't blame me? I have not presumed too much upon the old friendship?"

He held both her hands, as she had extended them, and his heart was almost bursting.

"You'll let me feel that you are my friend,—you will be my brother, Paul?"

"I'm blamed if I will!" cried Paul Manchester, his whole face blazing and frame quivering, "I'll be your husband, or I'll never be anything!" And he caught her in his strong embrace, and held her to his bosom with a strain in which his whole great heart found utterance. "The truth's out at last, Molly. Will you be my wife?"

"Yes."

"And you'll love me?"

"I don't think I ever truly loved any other man, Paul. When I was a little girl I almost worshipped you;—afterwards I—I—"

"Loved me?"

"Yes."

"Hallelujah! Let the herald angels sing!"

Later—an hour later—Paul Manchester gave his arm to Mary Hanscomb, and waited upon her home. The years had rolled backward, and he was young again. No boy was ever happier, or more reckless of jubilation. He not only held Molly's arm, but he clasped her hand, as he walked onward.

When they arrived at Greenlawn Cottage it was ten o'clock, and they found Jack and Lucy in the drawing-room. Jack gave one look into his uncle's face, and he knew what the result had been—knew it as well as though he had witnessed the whole proceeding. He had never before seen that grand, handsome face look so bright and joyous. Joy was fairly bursting from every feature.

"Dear Uncle Paul," he said, slipping up and tapping his guardian on the arm, "I give you joy. They've put on a new line of steamers for the Isthmus, and the fare to San Francisco is reduced one-third. You'll secure a passage for me when you buy your own ticket, won't you?"

"Get out, you rascal! I'll give you a ticket to Jericho if you don't behave yourself!"

How SHE SAWS WOOD.—Did you ever see a woman undertake to saw wood? It is always a little while before dinner, when the pies won't bake, and the potatoes absolutely refuse to come to the boiling point, and the only stick of wood is exactly three inches too long. After vain attempts to prove the elasticity of matter by putting a two-foot three-inch stick into a two-foot stove, she goes out to the saw horse, puts her knee on the refractory stick the very way she has seen some men do. But the edges of the wood are sharp, and she takes it down again with an ejaculation, and with a growing disregard for appearances, puts her foot on it instead. Her hair never fails to come down at this juncture, and she has to stop and twist it into a tight knot behind before beginning to saw. Here the saw commences a frantic skipping and jumping on its own account, and the whole feminine mind being concentrated upon keeping up the foot that is up, and down the foot that should be down, until, in an unlucky moment, the centre of gravity is lost, the stick flies up, and launches a blow at her nose just as somebody is going by. She stops and pretends to be looking for something, while dark thoughts of divorce and separation flash through her mind, and she vows in her innocent soul that she will never attempt to saw wood again if there never is any dinner. But her pride and her dinner are at stake, and all her native obstinacy comes to the surface; she will conquer that stick or die. Fired by a new fury, she succeeds in sawing two-thirds of the way through and breaking off the rest of it—it is a rotten rail—she goes into the house to find the potatoes boiled dry, and the pie in a state of sodden uncertainty. The children come home from school, and the husband from the shop, and find a kind of hushed solemnity in the air and no pie for dinner. The meridian meal is eaten in silence and bitterness of heart, and then the wife of his bosom inquires if she is expected to take care of the stable and feed the pigs, as well as saw the wood. The man says, "Hang it all, I forgot!" and the woman drops her sarcasm and breaks down in the declaration that she n-e-v-e-r w-i-l-l d-o i-t a-g-a-i-n, never; but she will; she will do it to-morrow and the next day, and the day after; for one of the things women never will learn is that she cannot saw wood.

NIGHT AND MORNING DREAMS.

I wake from dreams of the night,
And the stars aloft are coldly gleaming,
My dream is dark and strange with woe;
Oh foolish heart! dost thou not know
The dreams that are dreamed 'neath the stars'
pale light
Are nought but idle dreaming!

I wake from dreams of the morn,
And the sun on high is shining fairly,
The lark in the blue is singing far,
Seeking in vain for the midnight star,
And buds of the roses newly born
Blush through their dew-drops pearly.

My dream hath fled from the light,
But my heart is warm where its face was shin-
ing;
Oh happy heart! thou knowest well
What the morning dream doth sure foretell,
Thine onward path will be glad and bright,
Arise! and forswear repining!

THE YACHT "BANSHEE."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD.

I.

HOW I CAME TO BUY THE "BANSHEE."

At one time of my life I was in very low spirits at the loss of a near and dear relation; and this feeling soon deepened into a sort of depression, which it was impossible to shake off. Though I was what is called "a writing man," and working morning, noon, and night, with an enthusiasm that made other occupations an enjoyment, still, the accustomed duties had now become as odious as the thirty lines of Virgil the schoolboy must get by heart before being allowed out to fly his kite. A friendly physician—Sir Duncan Dennison, who had studied thoroughly all the mental ills that the brains of studious men are not merely heirs to, but actually enjoy in strict settlement, such as "breaking down," "breaking up," or, what is more fatal still, "overdoing it,"—said, in his blunt way, that there were but two alternatives—going abroad, or going to Colony Hatch. "Clear your head of Isabella and Lord Robert, forswear pothooks and hangers for three months at least, or,"—he added mysteriously—"you may be found one morning using a pothook or hanger in a way very alarming to your friends. Let's see. Go to Homburg, Baden, Switzerland."

"Been there," I said, "for a dozen years in succession."

"Well, do you like the sea?"

"I used to, when I was a boy. Once on a time I used to row."

"The very thing. Get a yacht! Go away—get into storms—run into danger: be well browned and scorched. You will come back quite bolstered. The very thing!"

It was the very thing. I would get a yacht, and revive my old taste, which had been lying dormant for some twenty years, like my skill at marbles or hand-ball, which I am convinced a day or two's practice would restore. I was delighted at the idea; a faint enthusiasm was kindling within me. The recollections of breezy days; the boat lying down until the rail was under water; the peculiar gurgle or rushing sound of the waves; the independence;—all these things began to come back on me. There might still be a zest found in life, independent of the pothooks and hangers.

The first object was to secure a boat, and to this end I waited on various agents. The first, the Grand Yachting Company, professed to have five hundred twenty-ton cutters, three hundred thirty-ton, two hundred forty-ton, and one hundred schooners of every class and tonnage. I felt certain that I must suit myself at an establishment doing such vast business, and enjoying the confidence of such a varied scale of yachting interests; and that it must be difficult indeed if I could not provide myself in such a fleet. I was asked for a precise statement of my wants; and, to my surprise, found that there were, at most, but three or four vessels that were at all likely to answer to these requirements. I tried other establishments, and found that where the prices suited the boat did not, and that where the boat suited the price did not. All agreed that to get what would exactly "suit me" was a question of time; all agreed that in a month or so whole fleets would be coming in to be laid up, and that then would be my opportunity. Yachts, I have since discovered, are very like horses—hard to sell, and yet, strange to say, harder to buy. All the agents brightened and became enthusiastic when a delay was mentioned, and almost scoffed at the notion of the proper craft not being forthcoming.

One morning—it was at the end of September—I received a letter with a black-edged envelope. It ran—

"SIR,—I understand you want a yacht.

"I have got one to sell.

"She is a new boat, cost a deal of money, is fitted handsomely, and will take you anywhere. A low price is asked.

"If you come down to Southampton, any day you choose to appoint, I shall show her to you,

"I wish to part with her at once. She is fitted out, having just returned from a voyage.

"Her name, the 'Banshee.'

"I remain,

"Yours sincerely,

"STEPHEN BLACKWOOD."

I felt that this was a proper business-like man to deal with. There was nothing about him corresponding to the three hundred ton, &c., though there was a bluntness in his style that was almost surly. I started the very next day, and found him at the hotel whence his letter was dated.

He was a tall, black-haired, barrister-faced man, very hard in the features; one who, with suitable clothes and due amount of scrubbiness, would have had the true money-lending air. He was too genteel, however, for that, and was dressed in the best style. There was not the least nautical flavor about him, which was odd. A tall, Italian-looking woman was sitting with him, whose full, dark eyes expanded as they rested on me.

"Mrs. Blackwood," he said, as she rose to leave the room. "Now to business. What do you think of the boat? Does she suit you?"

"I have not seen her."

"Not seen her? Then we are only wasting time talking. Suppose you go and see her, and return here? She lies in the outer dock; not ten minutes' walk from this place."

There was something in this style I did not quite relish; but, as it was to be a matter of business, I did not mind. I went straight to the docks, and saw the "Banshee" lying out in the middle of the basin. There was an indescribable, solemn look about her—a solitary air, as she lay there, which struck me at the very first glance. Her hull was dark, and seemed to rest on the water in a dull, brooding fashion.

"Coffin-built, summit like," said a voice beside me; "but the best work is in her. No money was spared on her. Like to go aboard, sir?"

We went on board. The praise given was not too much. She was a beautifully-finished boat; her decks as smooth as a ball-room floor; brass-work, skylights, "sticks," spars, running-rigging, standing ditto—everything perfect, and everything handsome.

I went below. At the foot of the stair, to the right and left, were the saloon and ladies' cabin. The former seemed to me singularly gloomy, and somewhat like a dark study in an old house; but this, I found, was the effect of the sombre wood of which the fittings were made, and which I took to be ebony. This effect was the more curious, as the ladies' cabin was bright with the gayest chintz and pretty hangings, and the light shaded off by pink-lined muslin. The whole, indeed, was exactly the thing for me, save in one respect—the price. Such a craft could not be had under some six or seven hundred pounds, which was much beyond what I could compass.

I returned.

"Well, you have seen the 'Banshee,'" he said. "Do you like her?—and will you take her?"

"I like her, certainly; though there is rather a gloomy, sepulchral look about her—"

His brow darkened. "What do you mean?" he said, sharply. "If you admit these sort of fancies, we had better stop here. My time, and probably yours, is too valuable to be wasted."

"It was one of the sailors," I said, carelessly, "who made the remark. His words were, that she was 'coffin-like.'"

He started up angrily. "This ends the matter. I decline to sell my boat to you, sir. I must say it is hardly polite of a mere stranger to make such remarks to the owner. I shall not sell her."

"Good," I said; "in any case I fear we should not have come to terms. You give me your opinion of myself with great frankness. I may tell you that you are too sensitive a vendor for me."

He looked at me, and laughed. "I am fretted sometimes. You don't know the bother I have had with this boat. As to her cut and air, I can't help it. Possibly the builder was a gloomy one, or—But come to business. Will you take her for six hundred pounds? Take it or leave it at that price."

This was less than I had expected, but more than I could manage.

"It is much below its value," I answered; "but the truth is, I can't go to such a price. So I must leave it."

"Why, what do you want?" he said; "not surely one of those twenty-year old tubs which you can pick up for forty or fifty pounds, and on which you have to lay out a couple of hundred before you can take an hour's sailing. Here," he said, giving his desk a blow with his fist, "take her. Take her at five hundred—four hundred. God bless my soul, can't you manage that? Why—"

"I take her," I said; "and the 'Banshee' was mine."

II.

WHAT I SAW IN THE "BANSHEE."

After my purchase of the "Banshee," I felt rather depressed than elated. I went to look for the man in charge of her.

"So you've bought her," he said. "Well you've made a good thing of it. There isn't a better boat afloat."

"But why was he so anxious to be rid of her?"

The man looked at me steadily. "Why?" he said; "ah! that's it. She didn't suit him, I s'pose. Nor more than she may suit you; nor

no more than she may the gent to whom you sell her at the end of the season."

"But he seemed such a strange man," I said.

"That's it again," he said; "strange men will have strange boats. Not that there is a word to be said again her. She's worth double the money."

The next duty was to find three men and a boy to work the "Banshee." That was done in half an hour. There was really nothing to be done to the boat; she was ready for sea; and it was arranged that we should start in the morning.

I had just done dinner at the hotel, when word was brought up that "Ned Bowden," the skipper of the boat, wished to speak with me. He was in some confusion.

"Sorry, sir, to put a gentleman to inconvenience; but the fact is I and my mates don't wish to sarve. We'd be obliged to you to let us off."

"Let you off?" I said. "What's the meaning of this?"

"It looks unhandsome, I know, sir; but it can't be done; and we'd rather not. You see, we've been afloat a long time, and its takin' men rather short not to let them have a holiday on dry land 'tween vy'ges. And so—sir—"

"I wouldn't keep men," I said, "on any terms, who would think of behaving as you have done. There are plenty of as good men to be got. You may go."

"Thank you, thank you, sir," said the man, much relieved. "Don't think hardly of us, for we are more or less druv to it."

"Exactly," I said; "I am at least entitled to know your reasons for such a scandalous desertion."

He shook his head solemnly. "Why, there's why's, and why's, you know, sir; and some why's concerns one man, and some another. The boat's a good one, and will take you anywhere and allwheres. And I've nothing against your honor."

"You may go," I said.

This was not auspicious as a commencement. But it was to cause no inconvenience; for a handsome Cowes yacht came in that very night to lay up, and three smart men, and a smarter boy, volunteered on the spot. There was a pleasant breeze blowing, so we determined to get away in the morning.

With that commenced a new and most delightful life. The first day alone showed me what a charming mode of existence yachting was; and I foresaw that very soon, by this agreeable process, I should be quite restored to health and rational enjoyment of life. There was a surprising exhilaration in that fresh, open sea. The blue, salty waves were at their rude gambols, like lions in their more amiable moments. The fresh, piquant air brought back appetite, and seemed to give new strength. The effect, in these small boats, is as though one were standing on a plank in the middle of the ocean, the waves being but a few inches from your feet. You are not, as in the greater vessels, screened off, as it were, from the direct touch of the waves and the breezes that sweep keenly over the surface of the waves. The day seemed to fly by too quickly; and when, about seven o'clock, we dropped anchor in a little harbor, I felt quite in good humor with the "Banshee," and could have patted it, as one would a faithful dog.

The boat was brought round to take me ashore, for I was going to dine at an hotel. As I was "pulled" away by four stout arms, I looked back at my new craft, and was struck by the same curious, dark, sullen look of her hull, and the inky blackness of her rigging against the sky. It gave me the idea of something coiled up—something solemn—and had not the gay, airy look we associate with a yacht. I stepped ashore, and bidding the men be steady and careful, and not neglect their duties, I went to the hotel and dined. After dinner I sauntered along the pier—always a pleasant and romantic entertainment for one given to ruminating—and then hailed the yacht. In a few moments I heard the faint plash of the oars, and presently could make out the dark outline of the boat as it drew near. It was pulled by the smart boy, as the men were ashore, and it was not yet time for them to return.

I sat upon the deck, smoking and looking round at the lights twinkling at the bows of many vessels around me, at the glare of the lighthouse—always a picturesque object—at the amphitheatre of lines of yellow light, that rose in semicircles on shore, giving the idea of cardboard pricked with a pin. I was sitting on a little camp-stool close to the skylight, when I absently looked through the glass into the cabin, which was lit up, and, to my amazement, saw—yes, saw a woman lying asleep, as it seemed to me, on one of the sofas.

I was almost speechless with indignation. These were the new, steady men, who had brought such characters from their last employer. Here was the wife or sweetheart of one of these fellows; and I remembered now how anxious they had been that I should stop at this place, which they knew well. Much put out—for at this time I had grown nervous and irritable—I called the boy.

"Where is Pile and the others?" (Jim Pile, was the name of the skipper.)

"At the 'Blue Jacket,' sir, on the pier."

"Get the boat."

I was pulled ashore again, fuming. The "Blue Jacket" was exactly opposite the landing-stairs. I sent him for the men.

"I want you on board at once," I said. "I am greatly displeased."

"Sorry, sir," said Jim Pile, who had an off-hand way with him. "What have we done agin rule, sir?"

"I'll tell you when we are on deck."

They rowed away silently. When we were on deck I said to them, in rather a fretful way, "I tell you this will not do. I have been ordered quiet. If I have only got a yacht to be exposed to this sort of worry, I had better go back at once. It is intolerable."

"What have we done agin the rules, sir?" again asked Jim Pile.

"Look down there. Who has dared to do this?"

I looked down myself, as they did. The woman had gone. She had got away in some boat of the harbour.

"Very clever," I went on. "But I shall be a match for these tricks another time. And now take this warning from me. If it happens again, or anything like it, you will leave me on the instant."

"God bless us, sir!" said Jim Pile, with some impatience, "what have the men done? If it were only having a glass at the 'Blue Jacket,'"

"Leave it so," I said. "I am content to pass it over for this time. That will do. Go forward now."

They went away with a bewildered air. It was very cunning of the woman to have got away so quickly. However, we were to sail in the morning, and the wife or sweetheart, or whatever she was, would find herself, in vulgar parlance, "sold."

III.

THE STORM.

We sailed along all the next day; and a pretty stiff breeze getting up, the "Banshee" began to show that she was an excellent sea-boat. We were all satisfied with her, and she was pronounced "to get along like a spanker"—high nautical praise. During the day I was sitting below in the saloon—an apartment which I could not relish, it was so depressing from its gloom and melancholy. To amuse myself I called in the boy, and we both began to set things in order, clearing out old lockers, which we found filled with empty bottles and the usual odds and ends which accumulate in a yacht. There were empty match-boxes, old pipes, account-books, and a number of torn-up papers, and an old letter or two, also torn up.

Some words on a fragment of these caught my eye. They were: "I will not trust myself to you alone. You know I am in terror of my life of you. I believe if you got me on board with you, I should not get ashore alive."

These were strange words, and I pored over them long. To them was assuredly attached some history, but too intelligible, associated with the owner or with one of his guests. The owner, to a certainty; it could be all read in his rough bearing, and what I was certain of, his almost infernal temper, which, with me, could scarcely be kept within bounds. But then the lady who was with him had scarcely the air of being "in terror of her life." She was, indeed, rather confident; and it might be suspected that within her eyes was lurking a devil as violent as his. I speculated long over this.

We were now coasting, and the enchantment of this mode of life began to grow more and more on me. It seemed the highest form of lotos-eating. There was an entertainment in seeing the shore unwind slowly, as though it were a diorama, new and newer objects coming on in front, as others disappeared behind. That headland had such a name—that village was so called—and there was the light. The entering a little port, with its small harbor, lighthouse, and tiny amphitheatre of houses, is like the discovery of a new country.

That day wore on, and evening began to close. We saw the light of the port we intended to stop at twinkling afar off. By ten o'clock we had dropped anchor. Jim Pile and his men came for leave to go ashore, which was granted, with a wholesome caution. I could not help asking the question, had they any friends or relations at this place. They declared that not one of them had been there before. Good. Then they must be sober, steady, and be back before twelve o'clock.

I was not going ashore myself, but remained on deck, looking on at that pretty night scene. It was a fishing port. The lights were twinkling on shore, and twinkling the more as seen through the dark rigging of the fishing-boats, huddled together as fishing-boats always are. The hours passed away—it came to eleven—to half-past—and then I heard the slow plash of oars. The men were returning punctually. As I stood up to take a few paces up and down—for it had grown chilly—I glanced carelessly down through the skylight, and—thought I saw something—something one below. I looked again. Yes, there was a woman lying on the sofa. I looked at her steadily, so that I should know her again. She was asleep, and was in a white dress, with a heavy Indian shawl wrapped up about her.

The men were now alongside. For the moment I did not think of the improbability of their having brought a person thus dressed on board; but as soon as they were on deck I said to Jim Pile:

"You seemed to think I was unjust in reprimanding you all yesterday. Come down with me to the cabin. Look there," I added as I entered.

The woman was gone! I passed hurriedly through the fore-cabin; tried the ladies' cabin—the pantry—the skipper's. She was not there—not in the vessel at all.

Then it all flashed upon me. I felt a cold,

creeping chill coming over me, and caught at the table for support.

Jim Pile and the men were at the door waiting, and wondering. I had presence of mind to falter out a clumsy excuse: "I had thought they had not 'settled up' the place. I wasn't very well that night. Let all go on deck at once." They went away, Jim Pile with curious, wondering looks.

When they were gone, the cabin had quite another aspect. Each little door seemed as though it was about to open—as though there was something behind it which would issue forth.

I shrank in terror from the place and hurried on deck. I was a fresh and clear night, with a strong breeze blowing. I called Jim Pile aft.

"We must go on to-night," I said; "I dare not stay in a place like this."

"It looks dirty," he said, glancing at the sky; "we are snug enough where we are."

"I must go on to-night," I said. "I suppose you don't want me to sit up on deck here all night."

This strange speech was more directed to my own thoughts, for I knew that I dared not go down to the cabin, and I was ashamed to go ashore again.

The men were a little sulky at this sudden change. The mainsail was hauled up, the anchor raised, and we stood out for sea. I stood there long, and then taking a sudden resolution, went downstairs again into the cabin.

A sigh of relief as I saw that the lonely room was vacant; yet I fancied that the cushions of the sofa showed a dent, as though some one had just been leaning on them.

An overpowering desire had taken possession of me. I must search—search carefully and earnestly—for I had conviction that something connected with it would be found.

I turned up the leather cushions hastily, and dragged up the lid of the locker underneath. There was nothing but old boxes, and such *débris* as I had found there before. I made this search fearfully, looking round as though I expected that each quivering shadow behind me would presently take shape as that ghostly figure.

As I replaced the board, and the cushion on the board, I saw something, buried, as it were, in the corner of the sofa. I drew it out: it was black, and squeezed up like a pocket-handkerchief. It was stiff and dried, and in spreading it I saw that it was a little black lace and straw lady's hat, which had evidently been saturated with sea-water, and had grown dry in that corner. I was not usually an observer of trifles, points of female dress and the like, but it seemed familiar, and to be exactly the same as I had seen with the reclining figure.

IV.

HOW I DISPOSED OF THE "BANSHEE."

Meanwhile the "Banshee" had begun to creak and strain, and even plunge. I could hear the wind whistling, the noise of the waves, and the cries of the sailors calling to one another. I came upon deck. The great mainsail was being got down, and was flapping and tumbling on the deck like some huge sea-monster that had been dragged on board. A man was aloft "freeing" the high topmast, which was being struck to "make her snug," and the trysail was lying ready "bent," presently to be hoisted up. These were ominous signs, and Jim Pile, as he came by me, said in a low voice, "That he wished we were back in port again."

That night was to be well known in the dismal annals of coast casualties. The winds whistled; the waves rose to the height of great hills; the "Banshee" was flung and tossed about like a cork. Great seas came and broke over us, sweeping our little deck, that seemed no bigger than a small tray, from end to end. What with the joint roaring of the winds and sea, I had never known such a terrible scene of chaos before; yet, still it had not such terrors for me as what I had seen below.

It was very dark. There was no moon or stars, and yet the white and grey of the waves furnished a sort of dull, leaden light that came and went. Just as we rose on one tremendous wave, I chanced to glance down through the skylight, and then, once more I caught a glimpse of the ghostly figure reclining on the sofa. I had not time to look, for the sea came and struck us violently, submerging us all, ship and men.

I caught at the shrouds, and thought at the moment that it was all over; but as the boat righted, I distinctly saw, in that confusion, a white figure emerge from the deck, stand beside me for a moment, and then be swept from the deck into the boiling waters with a loud cry!

The following day the "Banshee," all torn and bruised, was lying in a small harbor, which she had reached providentially. I went ashore, and took the railway to Southampton, which I reached that very night. I there made certain inquiries about Mr. Stephen Blackwood, and after a day or two learned that he had married a young wife, with whom he had expected to receive a great deal of money, but had been disappointed owing to the failure of her father, who had been a merchant. They had not lived very happily together, especially since he had made the acquaintance of the French lady to whom he was now married.

He had been passionately fond of yachting, and used to force his wife to go with him on his first voyages. But he was once caught in a storm on the coast of France, and a sea had swept her off overboard. At least, she had been

seen standing beside him during the gale, though the men had warned him that she ought to go below; and in a moment or two she was gone.

With some scruples I offered the "Banshee" for sale, meaning, however, to act the part of an honest vendor, and trusting to find some careless purchaser who would laugh at such scruples. But, strange to say, I cannot find a buyer of any sort. The "Banshee" was for sale, and is still for sale. So that if any of our nautical readers should—

I ought to mention, at the close of this narrative, that no one "pooh-poohed" the whole so much as my friendly physician, Sir Duncan. He said, and says still, it was all morbid; that I had been overworked at the time—the nerves unstrung—and that, probably, the late owner was a decent, respectable man, as innocent as any of those children unborn, whose future interests Sir Duncan often took care of.

SCHWARTZENSCHWEIN.

When wicked barons lived in the Rhine castles, and trap-doors and sliding-panels were arrangements without which no gentleman's house was complete; when ghosts could be seen without the assistance of science, and dark deeds were perpetually coming to light; when virtue was in the exclusive possession of the humble and the fair, and a man, when he disliked his wife, instead of breaking her heart, in a less civilized manner broke her head—then lived the Graf von Schwartzenschwein. The Graf von Schwartzenschwein inhabited a castle that stood on the top of a towering rock, and this castle was called Teufelswerk. A legend exists that the founder of the Schwartzenschwein line, in building the castle, found the difficulty of getting the materials to the top of the hill insurmountable, and therefore sought the assistance of the devil; a pact was made, and the castle was raised in a single night, the fiend stipulating that the building should be used solely for nefarious purposes. The Teufelswerk was accessible by only one path, that wound round the rock, and was open in every part to the castle above. The path was wide enough for only one man; and no rail or protection of any kind bordered its precipitous edge. While his provisions lasted, one man in the Teufelswerk could defy all the armies in the world. So the country round and about for many a league paid rates and taxes with great punctuality to the Schwartzenschweins, who showed their right to these imposts in their power to take it. It must be admitted that the Gräfs let their lands at a low rental; this, with the knowledge that they were not much worse than other gentlemen of the period, was the inducement to folks to become their tenants. The ground was rich, and vineyards and teeming pastures spread over the hills and valleys; their corn waved in the summer, and in the autumn barges bore loads of red grain that weighted them to the water's edge down to Köln and elsewhere.

Never had the district been more prosperous than now; for, in addition to excellent crops the people were blessed with a miracle of amiable leniency in the person of the present Graf, their landlord. Unattended he visited the villagers, kissed their wives, gave peppermint to their children, and interested himself in their affairs with paternal kindness. His small army descended from the castle only to pursue the robber armies of neighboring gentlemen, from whose depredations the villagers occasionally suffered. If a fault he had, it was amiability: sturdy malcontents called him nincompoop. But he had been wedded thrice, and possibly his wives had exercised their softening influence upon him; thus rushlights are affected when placed in hot water. Ober Berghelm lay at the foot of the Teufelswerk rock, and was separated from Unter Berghelm by the Rhine. Oldwife Grisel kept the ferry between the two villages, and she held the cottage and enough ground for her vegetables and cow rent-free from the Graf, in consideration of her fastening the ferry-boat nightly to the foot of his path. What night-service her ferry was used in may here be stated. The Graf's tender care for the welfare of his tenants rendered him particularly nervous with respect to fire. The merest simulacrum of a fire-engine was at Köln, and could not be brought to the scene of action under four days. So he instituted a kind of curfew; at the firing of a beacon upon the Teufelswerk every villager had to retire within his cottage, put out all lights, and go to bed. Any one found out after the signal was regarded as a law-breaker, and treated with severity. To insure obedience to this rule the Graf occasionally descended at night, accompanied by a few well-armed giants, and employed the ferry.

Grisel was now bedridden, but her son Rudolph carried on the business, and besides kept the cottage neat, cultivated the garden, tended the cow, and provided for every want of his old mother. Rudolph was the best-hearted, handsomest, brightest fellow in the world. He could compose songs and sing them like any troubadour; in feats of strength and skill he beat the champion of all villages round and about. His soft hair was the color of ripe corn, and hung in waving masses upon his shoulder; and he had the shapeliest leg you can imagine. The business he did quite astounded his mother; but the poor old soul was nearly blind, so she could not see her son's attractions as well as the maidens with their bright young eyes could. The little housekeepers of Unter Berghelm could find no eggs or butter like the butter and eggs in Ober Berghelm; and the little housekeepers of Ober Berghelm for their part could find nothing comparable in their own village to the eggs and butter of Unter Berghelm. And there never were young maids with such shocking bad memories as these possessed. They were continually fetching forgotten articles, for if they did not forget one commodity they forgot the other, and some actually forgot both. So the ferryman had quite enough to do between one and the other. In the evening many of these little maids would come in smart ribbons and snowy frills to talk with Oldwife Grisel, who, to be sure, was not very entertaining with her complaints and her complainings. Sometimes they would bring little presents of their own making for the old woman. And before they returned to their homes they would stroll just once round Rudolph's garden to see the wonderful jasmine that grew about the dead pear tree; they stood very patiently while Rudolph twined sprays in their braided hair. Rudolph's red cow always would come to the edge of the orchard and put her sleepy head over the sweetbriar hedge to have her nose stroked. This led them all into the orchard, where Rudolph would shake an apple-tree over the girls' heads, frightening them to death with the shower of rosy fruit. Each must put an apple in her pocket for a dream-charm. The orchard went down to the river's side, and as the sun set, spreading a mellow light over the vine-covered hills, they sang songs, with the water rippling accompaniment at their feet. They sat there, and their song, as the light waned, became sweetly sad, and there they sat until the detestable beacon began to smoke. Then each went her way, with happy tears in her eyes and the apple pressed against her lips; whilst Rudolph, little dreaming of their thoughts or of his own importance in the world, whistled lightly as he fastened the boat at the foot of the Teufelswerk path.

The fixed period the Graf von Schwartzenschwein had devoted to mourning for his third wife was expired, and to inaugurate the happy issue, he commanded the good villagers to assemble in the market place of Berghelm and make merry with song and dance and drinking of wines. No beacon was to be fired that night, but bonfires were to be lit at nightfall, and dancing was to be round them whilst they burned. The Graf himself was to be of the party, and as his ability in dancing was only second to his capacity of drinking, a very pleasant time of it was anticipated by all. Everybody prepared for enjoyment. The girls had mysterious whisperings with the goodwife of the carrier whose barge plied between Berghelm and Köln, the result whereof afterwards appeared in surprisingly graceful trinkets and finery. Rudolph early intimated to his customers that he should not ply upon the fête-day afternoon, as he was to compete in a running-match for a green cap. He wished none of his friends to be absent on the occasion, so he begged them to come early—a very unnecessary injunction, you may be sure. Particularly he told Brunhilda, the vine-dresser's daughter, of his early-closing movement. Now Brunhilda was undoubtedly the handsomest girl in the two villages; and she knew it. And of all the girls that crossed in his boat, Rudolph paid her the most attention; and she knew that. But the other girls spoke lightly of her charms, and declared Rudolph would not go a yard out of his way to please her; and that also she knew. She thought what a triumph it would be to show how great her charms were and their effect upon Rudolph; and then a little wickedness came into her heart, and she determined upon risking everything for the sake of this triumph. And that is how there ever came to be a story to tell about these people.

When the morning arrived, Rudolph had enough work to tire any one but Rudolph for the rest of the day. By midday all the holiday-makers had crossed the river but one. Brunhilda had not arrived. To Rudolph's questions, those who had seen her told him she was sitting idly in her window. Twelve was past, and still Rudolph sat in his boat, his eye fixed on the point where Brunhilda should long since have appeared. Only an old man with a pig, and he knew nothing of the fête. Each minute seemed an hour, yet he waited, hoping each moment she would appear, and making excuses for her absence to himself. His friends missed him, and came down begging him not to be late for the competition.

"Oh, I shall be there in time for that," said Rudolph, laughing. Time wore on, and presently they came again to say that everything was prepared, and the race only waited for him. Then he lost his temper, and told them to run their race without him, and that he would sit in his boat till nightfall rather than it should be said he cared more for a green cap and his own pleasure than the happiness of a friend. But for all that, if he had not lost his temper, he would have gone. Presently he heard a shout from beyond the poplars, and knew that the race had been run without him: and the next minute he saw Brunhilda coming down the hill. He pretended he did not see, but why, after watching for her so long, is hard to say. She was frightened at her own enormity, and called softly to him with a trembling voice that went to Rudolph's kind heart at once; and he would have "made it up" there and then if he hadn't previously made up his mind to be very angry. He handed her into the boat without speaking a word, and sat down to his oars as if he had been an old man. Brunhilda felt how stupid and unkind she had been, and that she must conciliate.

"Have you been waiting for me?" she asked; she could not think of anything else to say.

"You know I have," said Rudolph; and then

Brunhilda knew she had said something that was rather worse than nothing, and quite in character with her proceedings, and that she was very silly. So she held her tongue and would have liked to cry. Only the dip of the oars as they crossed the river broke the silence. She thought how pleasant it would be to belying dead at the bottom of the river; then Rudolph would love her and weep for her. In silence he helped her to land, and silently they walked towards the village. Then Rudolph thought it was stupid to be dumb when there was so much to talk about, and to bear malice for what perhaps, after all, was unavoidable, so he asked in a kind tone why she had not come. Brunhilda would not tell a lie, and could not tell the truth, so she did not answer at all. Before Rudolph could find out something else to say that might restore harmony, two young men ran eagerly up to him, and began describing the race, which had been won by a fellow from Unter Berghelm, to the discredit of Rudolph's village. They were full of the race, and could talk of nothing else, so Brunhilda walked beside with a stricken conscience, and nobody to talk to her. The three young men did not seem to notice her at all. However, it was better to be unnoticed than to be pointed out and laughed at as she was when they were in the village. At first she was humbled, but shortly her heart passed from the melting into the hardening stage, and her eyes, instead of sparkling with repentant tears, glittered with defiance. When the music struck up for the dance she eluded Rudolph, to whom she had promised her hand weeks before; but he was in good temper now, and would not have his sport spoiled a second time; so when he could not find Brunhilda he looked around to see what pretty girl he might choose in her place. The very prettiest was Dorothe, the daughter of the rich farmer Werner. At another time he would not have dared to speak to one so grand; but as the occasion sanctioned it, and she had a very pleasant and inviting expression in her big eyes when they met his, he promptly offered himself and was accepted. She danced like a fairy; and those who were not too busy about their own steps were lost in admiration of the young couple. Beautiful Brunhilda too saw them, and the blood flooded her fair cheeks; that made her look handsomer. It was then that Graf von Schwartzenschwein observed her. Instantly he was struck with her beauty, and without more ado presented himself to her as a partner. This was some satisfaction; if the Graf was less handsome (indeed he was very plain), he was ten thousand times greater than Rudolph. So she smiled, and did her very utmost to dance gracefully and outvie Dorothe. But the chief excellence of the Graf's dancing was its steady sureness, of which he was decidedly proud, as well as of his power of endurance. It was very difficult to be graceful; but she did her best, and they stood up longer than any others. Still Brunhilda was not so pleased with her dance or her partner as Dorothe was with hers.

The Graf was a killing man, which was perhaps the cause of his winning three wives and—losing them. His attack to-night was solely upon the heart of beautiful Brunhilda, and with apparent success. She was never too tired to dance with him; she laughed at everything he said. When he approached, her lids shaded her eyes modestly; when she left him, her eyes shot Partisan glances. But ever and anon her smile faded and her eyes looked eagerly, strenuously after Rudolph. He too was laughing, but the smile never left his lips, and no anxiety was in his eyes when they left the face of Dorothe. There was all the difference between being and trying to be happy. At midnight he had to return to his ferry: the fires were not half consumed, but the old people wished to get home. When Dorothe crossed in his boat he dared not speak to her; he was only a ferryman now, and her rich father sat beside her. But as he helped her to land from the boat after her father, his hand held more than the tips of her fingers, and lingered in the folds of her dress a moment longer than was necessary, and got a little pinch for its temerity. The moon was wonderfully bright, and he could see her large sweet eyes beaming a warmer farewell than the formal adieu that left her lips. A feeling quite new to him filled Rudolph's breast as he sat quietly in his boat looking into the water, after Dorothe had left him. He had no wish to return to the fête: all he desired was to sit there and think, think, think; pondering every little incident that had occurred to them; repeating the most trivial word she had spoken; all tenderly sad now that she was gone. Poor Brunhilda had gone quite out of his thoughts; when she took her seat in the ferry he was surprised to see her there as if he had not seen her for years. The Graf was accompanying her, and paying her the most elaborate compliments and attention. Rudolph, behind his back, smiled and winked significantly to Brunhilda. Then she felt that all her efforts had been in vain; he was not even jealous. After this, Brunhilda found comestibles to her taste in her own village. Financially Oldwife Grisel did not lose much thereby; for in Brunhilda's place a customer had come in the person of Dorothe, who had discovered a dear friend on the other side of the river requiring a daily visit. Somehow, too, Dorothe got to know Oldwife Grisel, and was henceforth one of the number who took interest in her ailments, and in the jasmine and the cow, and who sang songs under the trees by the river. I do not think she said much about these delights at home; but her father, good man, had so much ado to count up his money that he never missed her when she was away, nor disturbed his calculations by needless inquiries when she was at home. Her brother Hilde-

brand, was very proud, but as he was also very devout, he could not object to Dorothe's visiting poor bedridden old Grisel: it was advisable the poor old creature should be able to tell Peter how worthy of a free admission the aristocracy of Berghelm was.

Soon the leaves fell from the trees; the grass was damp in the evening; the cow was housed in the shed; the jasmine faded; and the maidens had to sit at home knitting warm clothes for the coming winter. Grisel's ailments increased, and even the constant attention of her son and Dorothe could not satisfy her. How patient and good Dorothe was! No one but she could have borne the continual grumbings of the old woman. Indeed, except her son, Grisel would suffer no one else to be beside her. When Hurldebrand, with holy condescension, visited her, she told him this, and he left, very well satisfied that he could be of no farther service. The evenings were early dark, and wolves had been seen; so Rudolph was obliged to walk partly home with Dorothe and protect her from harm. But if the path were really dangerous, it was surely unwise to linger so long in it; but then nobody is wise until he or she is too old and ugly to be otherwise. Once when a big dog crossed the road, it looked in the mist like a wolf, and Dorothe was terribly scared and nestled quite close to Rudolph. He put his arm around her, and talked about being for ever a protector to shield her from the dangers besetting life's path, or some nonsense of the kind, which Dorothe thought the most beautiful poetry she had ever listened to. To hear such talk would have scared the rich Werner from his money-bags or the proud Hurldebrand into fits; but it in nowise frightened Dorothe, who nestled still in Rudolph's arms, with her face resting against his breast, and smiling all the time as if she liked it. After that these two walked hand-in-hand like children, innocently happy. That this position of affairs remained unnoticed is not to be imagined. It was everybody's talk. The villagers marvelled that so rich a farmer as Werner should marry his daughter to a ferryman—for of course the future of the young couple was far more definite to everybody than to themselves—and congratulated Oldwife Grisel on her son's good fortune. Only Werner and Hurldebrand were ignorant of the affair. As has been said, Werner had enough to do to count his money, and Hurldebrand was far too genteel to enter into conversation with anybody, and too good to think of anything but polemics.

Meanwhile, love-making was proceeding in another place. Graf von Schwartzenschwein was openly paying his addresses to Brunhilda, and shortly it was announced to the world that he would marry again, and that Brunhilda should be his fourth wife. Already she had been taken up to the Teufelswerk, and the magnificence she there beheld made her eager to become mistress of such a home—perhaps. Perhaps her heart ached, and she longed to be away from the village by the river, where now was nothing that gave her joy. And so in the springtime there was another fête in Berghelm by command of the Graf, who on these occasions was particularly festive, and did not contribute one bottle to the festival. The Graf's soldiers came down in a body as a guard of honor, and very ferocious and unclean faces appertained to that body. When the time came for the bride to go to her home, the guard formed in single file, holding a rope in one hand and a torch in the other. The Graf and his wife were placed in the centre; then the rope was pulled tight to protect them from the precipice; and they moved upwards along the perilous path. The Graf had been enjoying himself, and required this protection. Brunhilda, too, required support; her knees trembled beneath her; and when she turned round to look back once more on her old friends and associates, Rudolph said, "Poor Brunhilda, see how pale she is: that precipice is enough to scare any one!" All saw them as they moved upwards, and wound round the hill. At last they were seen to reach the castle, and even then Brunhilda's white dress could be distinguished. They entered the gate, and all was dark.

Said the Graf to his wife: "You do nothing all day but weep. You are a pleasant companion for a man to have as his wife. But you shall do something else: you shall work. That will cure you!"

"Until you let me go down from this miserable castle, I'll do only what I please. Work I won't, and no one on earth shall make me work!" cried Brunhilda, stamping her foot angrily.

"Hush! we shall see," said the Graf. Then he rose, left the room, and presently returned with two sturdy ruffians at his heels.

"Are you going to kill me?" quietly asked Brunhilda. The Graf laughed as if nothing so absurdly ridiculous had even been suggested to his mind before, and then he nodded to the men, who, without giving Brunhilda the option of walking, lifted her from the ground and carried her down a flight of steps cut in the rock and into a cell dismal and dark. The cell also was cut in the rock. Its sides rose pyramidally to a small grating, through which the light was admitted in quantity sufficient only to show obscurely the wretchedness of the dungeon. A spinning-wheel and a stool with three legs, a pitcher of water, and trencher of bread, were all the room contained excepting a mass of flax which lay a foot thick upon the ground. The men set Brunhilda down.

"There," said the Graf; "there's work that will do you good and drive the nonsense out of your head. I'll be bound by the time you've spun this flax you'll be glad enough to speak to

someone: and until you have spun this flax to the last fibre here you remain."

Brunhilda kicked the spinning-wheel across the room, and sat upon the stool, turning her back contemptuously on the Graf. "Here will I sit rather than return to thee," she said.

"We shall see," said the Graf. "By the way," he added, "my three former wives departed their lives from this apartment. I hope your dreams will be agreeable;" and with a brutal mockery of a laugh he closed the door and turned the key in it. Brunhilda heard him and the men ascending the steps. There was a second door at the head of the steps; this also was slammed, and the bolt shot upon it.

She resolved she would never move whilst she had life from the stool she sat upon, and thinking upon her wrongs fixed her determination. Hours passed, and the light faded away. A star twinkled down upon her through the grating, and her thoughts went from her wrongs to her sorrows, and by natural transition to her happiness, now all passed away and gone like the light; and only sweet memory, like the star above, reflected the morning light of her life. She thought of the summer evenings of a year since; she pictured the vine-clothed banks of the river, Rudolph's ferry, the orchard, the evening song, perhaps being sung now by voices as happy as hers was then. She wondered if one of those gay souls ever thought for one moment of her; and then she threw herself upon the flax and wept. Presently she slept; but what terrible dreams she had of unhappy girls shut in cells until, mad with despair, they dashed their lives out against the black stone walls, were too terrible to tell. She groaned and writhed in her sleep, and when she awoke it was with a strange choking sensation in her throat. She realised her position; she was lying on the flax-covered ground of the cell; more thoroughly awake, she became conscious that her head was lying beneath the level of her body. Yet when she raised her head and moved the flax, she found the boarded floor beneath perfectly level. The only thing strange about it was that it should be boarded when all else about the rough-hewn chamber was bare and crude. The movement must have been a delusion of her waking senses. But when again her head pressed the floor the phenomenon recurred: her head hung downwards; she could feel that by the tightening sensation about her throat. Resting upon her knees, more carefully she examined the spot, pressing her hand upon the floor where her head had rested. Easily, noiselessly, it yielded to the pressure, returning to its position with the removal of her hand. Terror seized her, and she trembled violently. She sprang to her feet, yet feared to move lest she might tread upon a treacherous part. At this moment she heard the bolt shot back in the upper door. Quickly she seated herself upon the stool: that she knew was on firmer ground. The door behind her opened, and a harsh voice said:

"Are you here?"

There was, then, the possibility that she might not have been!

"Yes, I am here; and here I shall stay," answered Brunhilda, purposely implying a misconception of the question. The man, now accustomed to the gloom, saw her still seated on the stool. He had brought food: this he set down without a word, and shut the door. The sound of his heavy footsteps terminated with the slamming of the second door.

Impelled by curiosity and the hope that her partial discovery aroused, Brunhilda with much caution, crept to the place where last night she had so heedlessly flung herself. Once more the floor gave beneath her hand and receded, as if turning upon an opposite hinge, and the flax slid down upon her hand. She cleared the flax aside, and pushed again to find what lay beneath. The light streaming from above fell upon the boards as they moved, until it passed their edge and was lost in the vacancy beneath. Holding the trap back with her right she thrust her left arm carefully over the border of the floor on which she lay; she could feel the under side of the floor, but besides that, in all directions, nothing. Testing the floor at each movement, she examined the trap from end to end. It extended almost the entire length of the chamber; the narrow margin of secure footing at either end being no wider than one could stand upright upon with safety. The width she calculated by the wheel she had kicked from her: this was displaced by the movement of the trap, but did not move in proportion. It lay partly upon it. She believed she could jump, if she were compelled, right across the trap. To a slice of the bread brought her by her gaoler she tied a wisp of flax, and let it down the hole. Depended to the farthest its weight was unaltered. She let the flax slip from her fingers, then listened. . . . "The bread is not hard enough to make a noise," she was saying, when a sound almost musical came from the depths. She felt dizzy and sick, before she quite realised what this sound implied; that she lay above a well or shaft, the bottom whereof was as low as the Rhine. Probably the water beneath was the Rhine water. It ran into strange tunnels and caverns which seemed roofless. A torch held up in some parts showed nothing. Many a time had Rudolph taken her into those caverns with his boat, frightening her with fearful stories, and with the strange echoes that replied to his voice.

When the gaoler came again to the cell, and found Brunhilda still sitting on her stool, he laughed as if it were a joke. A week passed; still he found her constantly sitting in the same spot and in the same attitude. His astonishment was expressed in suitable but unprint-

able speech. In his next visit he was accompanied by the Graf and a flambeau. Schwartzenschwein had evidently come to assure himself of the truth; he examined his wife and the cell with some curiosity. Everything was unaltered. The despised wheel lay in the middle of the chamber; the flax lay a foot deep on the floor; Brunhilda sat composedly on her three-legged stool with her arms folded. He gently remonstrated, with an accent of affectionate sorrow in his voice, pointing out to her the iniquity of stubborn opposition to a fond husband's desire; he finally begged her to jump up like a good little wife as she was, and fetch the wheel. But Brunhilda told him she preferred idleness to his company at present, and that she was not a bit tired of sitting on her stool. The gaoler was tickled, and ventured to laugh: the Graf, despite his amiability, took up the water-pitcher and broke it on the unwise joker's head. Then the door was banged to, and not till the second was shut no less violently were Brunhilda's ears unshocked by the angry Graf's speech, which was also appropriate in its way. No sooner was he out of hearing than Brunhilda rose quickly, and carrying her stool with her, crossed rapidly to the spinning-wheel, stepping sideways, and with her back to the wall, along the narrow margin between the wall and the trap. In a minute she drew the wheel to her, put it in position, seated herself before it, and set it in motion. All day diligently she worked, with the decision and dexterity acquired by constant practice; and when the light faded so that she could see her yarn no longer, she laid the wheel in its original place, and returned to her old position against the wall, taking with her the product of her labor. Then she wove the strands with her nimble fingers into stout cord: this she could do in the dark. Her material used, she depressed the trap, and pulling from the shaft a long cord, she tightly knotted it to the completed piece. Every day this work was repeated; always she was careful in scattering the flax and being upon the stool when the gaoler appeared. After a time, instead of walking round the trap, she lightly leapt across it, so bold had her familiarity with danger rendered her. The flax was diminished: she had to scatter it lightly to make it appear untouched. Its decrease she regarded with anxiety; for yet the end of her cord was dry. Two such cords knotted together with steps must be made before she could attempt to escape. And to escape was her intention. At last, one night, when she drew the long, long cord up, she found the end wet, and wetter still she made it with the joyful tears she shed upon it. When we are wretched, a little makes us very happy. After that she worked quicker than ever, for hope gave her energy.

Unhappily the Graf's patience was less than that of his wife's. When he put her in the cell, he calculated that the next morning she would be there no more. That very day he put a hat-band about his hat, and sent an obituary paragraph down to the local weekly. Now he wished to remove his hat-band, and sighed for another fête and a fifth wife: so great are the charms of novelty to some people. Every day he inquired after his wife, and he heard with sorrow that she still sat upon her stool. He was annoyed, feeling that this continued delay and disappointment would eventually impair the serenity of his temper. There never before had been such a destruction of delf and crockery in the Teufelswerk. He was perpetually hurling something at somebody. Injured vessels and injured vassals littered the place up. His ruffians became more unprepossessing than ever. Rage monopolised his bosom, and he began to fear it would become insensible to passion of a tenderer kind. And now dark thoughts entered his soul—thoughts that at first distressed his sensitive disposition, but which recurred again and again with lessening horror to him. Despite his aversion to crime, he felt that if his wife sat upon her stool much longer, he must shove her down the fatal shaft and do for her. And she did sit upon her stool much longer. So one morning he scrupulously got out of bed on the wrong side; and thus prepared for any atrocity, he ordered the matutinal herring to be put back for five minutes, and once more presented himself before Brunhilda. To him, in his present state of mind, there was something satisfactory in finding her in the same aggravating position: it just wrought him to the pitch of fury necessary for the comfortable performance of a tragedy.

"Rise," said he.

His tone commanded obedience, and Brunhilda rose.

"Fetch your wheel."

Brunhilda did not move, but the Graf felt her tremble beneath his hand as he grasped her shoulder.

"Will you do my bidding," he asked.

She neither moved nor spoke.

"Perish then!" he shouted, and with his whole force threw her from him.

Brunhilda shrieked as she fell.

"Thud" reverberated the door.

Another shriek.

"Bang!" The door had closed over her, and now came only muffled screams, rapidly growing fainter. Brunhilda was conscious of nothing as she hurtled through space. Instinct led her to throw her arms wildly about for some means of preservation. Something touched her face. Instantly her hands were there. In her grasp she felt one cord of her unfinished ladder. Still downwards she swept, the cord running swiftly through her fingers and cutting through them to the bone. Yet heedless of everything but of checking her fall, more tightly she clutched,

now with both hands, the slender cord. Partially she succeeded in her endeavor. Her weight now hung upon her wrists. A knot of the burning cord was beneath her hand. She could see nothing, comprehend nothing, but that she was twirling round and round with increasing rapidity. But for a minute she hung thus; then there was a sharp snap above her. The cord had broken, and again she whirled downwards. The descent was short, when she encountered a fresh experience. She was now descending through icy water. Water was roaring in her ears and gurgling in her throat. Frantically she flung her arms about, clutching vainly the intractable water, until presently the resistance to her arm ceased, and at the same moment she gasped the air. She had risen like a cork. Again she sank, and as the water rushed once more into her mouth she redoubled her exertions; straining her neck upwards, and throwing her arms around her, she felt a smooth small rocky projection. She curved her fingers, and broke her nails upon the hard slippery surface; but she saved her life. Her head again rose above the water, and now both hands clung to the irregular face of the cavern. Every muscle was strained in the effort to sustain her body in its present position. How rapidly thoughts ran through her mind! How could she escape; how much longer could she cling to this rock; and a dozen other matters. Barely three minutes had elapsed since she had been hurled through the trap. At this moment Brunhilda heard a many-echoed voice roaring high above her. This was followed by a whistling as of a body cutting the air, and then a plunge in the water behind her. Could it be the Graf himself, a victim to himself? The concussion agitated the water and loosened Brunhilda's slight hold; at the same moment something touched her shoulder. Was it the destroyer seeking to save himself by the destroyed? At least she would not perish in his arms. But her hands, with which she sought to repel him, met a friend instead of a foe. The Graf had hurled down her spinning-wheel, to finish if necessary the work of destruction. By means of the wheel and the rock Brunhilda now supported herself, and shortly became sufficiently composed to think of something farther than her immediate condition. She drew herself along the face of the cavern, and presently her touch revealed to her a ledge of sufficient width as a resting-place for her body. She dragged herself upon it, and rested until her strength returned. The ledge extended beyond her reach, and being almost level with the water, she was able to creep along it and yet retain her hold on the spinning-wheel. At each movement she explored with her hands the rock beneath and beside her: this alone guided her; no faintest gleam of light lessened the awfulness of her position, or assisted her in the least. Something that was not rock presently met her touch. It was loose and soft. Her fingers recoiled. Even in such peril the feminine repugnance of her senses to things strange was paramount. It might be some rotting slimy creature of the water. She stretched her hand in another direction, and touched something like a loose round stone. But what was the thread-like weed beside it? She rent the fearful stillness with a yet more fearful scream, and sprang into the water, away from the loathsome spot. That was not stone and weed, but bone and hair.

The struggles and fatigues that followed she never realised thoroughly until, exhausted, she lay concealed amongst the vines on the Rhine bank. She wept and sobbed, muffling the sound beneath her dark sodden dress, lest it might lead to her discovery. It was evening, and within hearing the laborers were returning to their homes. Some were chatting and laughing—these cheered her; but those who trod along without speaking filled her heart with terror. Improbable as it was, she believed them to be servants of the Graf sent in her pursuit. How thankful was she when the first star twinkled down upon her through the vine-leaves; how grateful when, looking up to the horrid castle from which she had escaped, she saw the pale flame flickering in the black smoke of the beacon! Now she was safe from discovery by the villagers. Upon her hands and knees she began crawling from her place of concealment. Her poor arms trembled under her, partly from cold, but still more from the agitation of her weary heart. She essayed to walk; her legs doubled under her, and she fell with her face upon the brown earth.

Oldwife Grisel was no more. She had outlived the severity of the winter, as if simply to prove how very tough and durable her constitution could be when it chose; but when the sun shone warm and bright she melted quietly out of existence, like the snow. Before she went she told her son where he would find her money; so that Rudolph, when she was dead, found himself in the possession of wealth, and ample provision for the future in the undivided profits of the ferry. The propriety which naturally characterised the proceedings of two such delightful young people as Dorothe and Rudolph forbade them to meet henceforth as had been their wont. In the evening following the burial of old Grisel, they had a happy hopeful conversation. The next day Rudolph found a friend to look after the ferry, and having dressed himself in his Sunday clothes, he boldly walked to the house of his beloved, and asked to see the rich farmer Werner. He marched into the counting-house with a firm step, erect head, and a fine flush in his open face that made him look very handsome. I daresay Dorothe was watching from some coign of vantage, and thought as

I do. Hurldebrand, sitting on a high chair in a corner with a book on a stand before him, hardly noticed Rudolph. Werner, who was counting his money, gave a glance upwards and said:

"Four, five, six—take a seat, if you please; seven, eight—I'll attend to you directly; nine, ten—that makes a hundred and ten score. Now, sir, what can I do for you?"

When a straightforward man knows what he wants to say, it takes him but little time to say it. So very shortly Rudolph told how he wanted to marry Dorothe, and share his fortune with her. This piece of intelligence even roused the haughty Hurldebrand from his abstraction.

Werner asked Rudolph how much his fortune was, and Rudolph, who had come quite prepared for such a proper request, pulled out his heavy bag of silver, and emptied its contents, big and little, old and new, bright and dull, upon the farmer's table. Hurldebrand asked Rudolph of what descent he was, and Rudolph told with some pride in his voice how his forefathers had been known to the oldest memory as honest ferrymen of the Rhine. Werner had begun to count a new pile of gold, and he said, when Rudolph had replied to Hurldebrand, "Eleven, twelve—put up your money, my good young man, and—thirteen, fourteen—get this foolish notion out of your—fifteen, sixteen—head as soon as—seventeen—possible. Such a marriage is—eighteen—preposterous; so farewell, and God speed you—nineteen, twenty."

Hurldebrand gave his nose a scornful elevation, and returned to his study.

And now Rudolph was sitting on his bed in the cottage, and the young moon was looking with pitiless coldness through the window into his mournful eyes, that glittered with an unwonted tear. Sad and dejected was he. What hope was there for him in this world, when money and honest lineage, and an irreproachable and perfect love, failed to establish a claim to the maiden who loved him? All he could say had been unavailing. He had been forbidden to see or speak more to Dorothe. Was there any one in this world so truly wretched as he?

There was a feeble knock at the door. He rose, curious to know who could be out at this prohibited time. He opened the door, and, as if in answer to the question, a moment since in his heart, there tottered up to him a woman all wan and bloodless. He drew back aghast, and she followed him into the moonlight, where her white teeth and widely-opened eyes added to her ghostly appearance. She put her hand on his; her hand was damp and cold as death; and her sleeve as it touched him was heavy with moisture. When at first he saw a woman's figure in the doorway, he thought it was Dorothe's; now he was undeceived, yet the features seemed familiar to him. Who was she?

"You do not know me," she said. "How should you? I have lived long enough to grow old and ugly, but—"

"Brunhilda!"

"Hush; for God's sake, hush!"

"You were buried long since, I thought."

"I have risen from the grave and from the dead. I am almost mad. I cannot believe I live. Have I been murdered, and is this death? O my God, give me a proof, a proof!"

Rudolph took both her hands in his and said, "Brunhilda, poor Brunhilda!"

"Oh, this is Rudolph—this his living voice—his kind voice! Oh, say again, Poor Brunhilda, poor Brunhilda, poor Brunhilda!" She sank upon the bed, in agony weeping for herself. These first words of kindness did more than all the Graf's cruelty; they almost broke her heart. Rudolph bent over her, soothing and calming her with the softness and tenderness of a woman. He bade her take her saturated clothes off, and go to bed. Then he took a wooden bowl, and assured that all was safe, crept into the orchard, and rather astonished the browsing cow by untimely drawing a supply of milk from her. He bade Brunhilda tell him when he might enter, and then, with such innocent freedom as the perfectly pure only can enjoy, he sat beside the bed in which she lay, dressing the poor cut fingers, and feeding her with assiduous entreaty, as a mother would her sick child. He sat there until the moon ceased to shine into the room. He had bidden her try to sleep, and she lay perfectly still that he might see how docile she was; and now she heard by his regular breathing that he slept. As she moved, her cheek touched his fingers as they lay upon her pillow; gently she raised herself and touched them with her quivering lips, with what feelings few hearts may ever feel, happily or unhappily. Then she too slept, and he, awaking, crept to his mother's room, laying himself upon the empty bed to dream—medley dream, in which his own and Brunhilda's unhappiness were strangely combined, and Dorothe and the wicked Schwartzenschwein played changeable parts.

I have no doubt that the astute reader will know perfectly well, without reading farther, how this is all to end. Dorothe, with her big eyes, will cry awhile, and Rudolph will forget that attachment; whilst his pity for Brunhilda will change to a deeper feeling of love. Somehow or other Schwartzenschwein gets killed, and Rudolph offers his hand to Brunhilda, who, when they are married, will present him with all the late Graf's property, which is hers by law. Then they will make a bonfire of the old castle to celebrate their nuptials, and the ruins are there to this day. But if the reader does think so, and will read on to the bitter end, he will discover a convincing proof that the wisest and most intelligent of the race may, for once in his life, be mistaken.

Dorothe, it is true, had another and a new lover. For the term of mourning required by mediæval decency being expired, the Graf once more sought him a wife. Of all maidens none appeared so eligible for this purpose as Dorothe. Her own charms and her father's riches appealed at once to his heart and head; he was moved alike by Cupid and cupidity. When quarter-day arrived he called personally upon Werner, and whilst upon the subject of rents, he took occasion to mention the laceration caused in his bosom by the fair Dorothe. The farmer, instead of treating this as a mere joke, expressed the pleasure he should feel in becoming the father-in-law of so worthy a noble as Schwartzenschwein, and then showed him the bags of gold set aside for Dorothe's portion.* Hurldebrand likewise expressed his desire to be united by marriage with such a fine old (disreputable) line as the Graf's. True, father and son believed him to be a rascal; but then if we refused alliances simply on this ground, what on earth would become of our "blood"? So he invited the Graf to stay to supper, and bade Dorothe adorn herself with ribbons. Dorothe was obedient; but her bright ribbons were strangely in contrast with her sad face. That was cold, pale, and thin; but her considerate relatives consoled themselves that it made her eyes appear larger and brighter, and more beautiful than ever. Schwartzenschwein was exceedingly pleased, and none the less to because of Dorothe's silence. He said a woman with so little to say would make an obedient wife. This compliment was regarded by the punctilious Hurldebrand as nothing less than an expression of love; therefore, as he accompanied the Graf to the Tenfelswerk path, he delicately inquired of him what his intentions were, to which Schwartzenschwein replied that he intended marriage with Dorothe, and that as early as convenient. Then Hurldebrand embraced the Graf, and they parted with mutual satisfaction.

The next day Werner asked his daughter when it would be convenient for her to marry the Graf von Schwartzenschwein. Dorothe angrily replied, "Never!"

"Then when can you make it convenient?" asked Hurldebrand.

And again Dorothe answered "Never!" Father and brother at first laughed; afterwards they frowned. But Dorothe stirred not a muscle of her face. She who was unhesitatingly obedient in all else was as unhesitatingly disobedient in this. Nothing Werner or Hurldebrand said moved her in the least. She said she would marry no one if not Rudolph; and asked them if they wished her to be murdered, as the previous consorts of the Graf had been. Werner and Hurldebrand both agreed that such would be an enviable fate compared with a mésalliance with a ferryman. You see they were not going to live with the Graf. A week passed, and Dorothe was unaltered in her decision. When the Graf came for his answer, the holy Hurldebrand told a lie, saying that Dorothe had a slight attack of the measles; and so the Graf was put off for a while. Meanwhile Hurldebrand arranged to go to Rudolph, and see if anything could be done with him towards furthering their object. If he would only put himself out of the way in any manner agreeable to himself, it might, by destroying Dorothe's hopes, alter her determination. To Rudolph's culpable behaviour they attributed Dorothe's disposition to thwart the wishes of their hearts; and it seemed but just and reasonable that he in return should make a sacrifice—of himself for instance. With this view Hurldebrand one day made his way to the ferry-house; but his habit of prying in at people's windows saved him a world of trouble in this case. What he saw when he peeped through the little casement in Rudolph's cottage was quite sufficient; he returned home with joy in his heart. He told Dorothe that Rudolph was married; and when she boldly refused to believe him, he took her by the hand, and took her trembling by the well-loved path to the ferry. It was noon, and Rudolph was in his boat. Stealthily Hurldebrand led her over the soft green to the back window in the little cottage, and when he had first peeped himself, he bade Dorothe look. With her back towards them sat a graceful young woman, and she was braiding her long shining hair. Dorothe saw this, and that the hair was fair, and that the neck beneath was white, and she said faintly to her brother, "Take me home, take me home!"

Never perhaps was a good man so elated with a sister's misery as Hurldebrand. He kissed her affectionately when he said "Goodnight," and chuckled with his father in a quite plebeian and secular way.

Then Dorothe cared not what became of her, and she wished not to live. She should die: let it be quickly. At least before she went she would please her good father. So she said to him, "Father, when the Graf will have me, I am his." After this Werner was as delighted as Hurldebrand, and the Graf as pleased as any one. There should be another fête, and the little chapel should be strewn with white and pink roses. Great preparations were made. Triumphant arches were set up; and the mayor, with the assistance of a dictionary and the sexton, wrote an address, complimenting the Graf

* Werner's dissimilar treatment of the two suitors is a demonstration of the text, "Unto every one that hath shall be given." A curious parallel may be found in the custom of certain civic guilds in these barbarous times: they would with the utmost eagerness present a monarch with a licence for hawking, and inclose it in a golden casket, and the next minute give two months' imprisonment to a poor hawker who couldn't afford to buy one.

on obtaining four wives more than an ordinary man attains to. The extra grandeur of these preparations was made by the corporation, because latterly the goods and chattels of the wealthier Berghelmites had suffered greatly by the inroads of an opposition Graf's marauders, to whose incursions they desired Schwartzenschwein to put a stop.

When Rudolph heard of the approaching marriage, he was heartbroken. Whilst Dorothe lived and loved him, life was sweet; but now she was false and loved him not, death were less bitter. Brunhilda saw his grief, and her good heart bled for him. She suggested that Dorothe was acting under compulsion and not from choice; and she bade him seek her and assure himself she was yet true. Not for one minute did Brunhilda entertain the unworthy thought that Dorothe's marriage with the Graf would give Rudolph to her (Brunhilda). She loved him too deeply, too well for that.

Rudolph shook his head sadly; and hopelessly he went to Werner's house and asked to see Dorothe. But Werner and Hurldebrand thrust him from the door, and said Dorothe had freely given herself to the Graf and scorned the ferryman. Finally they sneeringly bade him go back and be content with his leman. Never had Rudolph felt so bitterly enraged. Her that he called sister they had called by an opprobrious name; they had been spying into his affairs, and wilfully misjudged his humanity. Not one word of this did he tell Brunhilda; she suffered enough. But in his sleep he spoke wildly and loud through the night; whilst Brunhilda knelt by her bed praying and weeping.

The Graf descended from the castle full an hour before the ceremony was to take place. The interim he employed in receiving the address and promising redress. The Berghelmites should be avenged on the unprincipled marauders. He also inspected the floral arrangements, tasted the wine supplied by Werner for general use. Then he went into the chapel, and whilst drawing on his new gauntlets made casual inquiries of the sexton as to the whereabouts of the church plate. Knowledge is always useful. The Graf was not above robbing a church. The villagers lined either side of the road through the market-place, and looked eagerly for the appearance of Werner and the bridal party. Presently there was murmur, and the procession appeared. First came the whole police force of the two villages to clear the way; and as there were no obstacles in their path, they performed their duty to universal admiration. Then came Werner's vine-dressers in a unique livery, invented by Hurldebrand especially for this occasion, and very fine they looked—especially those who happened to fit their clothes. Hurldebrand had to have the costumes made in Köln, and as all were made precisely of one size, it was rather awkward for the little men; they had a difficulty in keeping the peaks of their heavy helmets above their nose. And it was also slightly uncomfortable for the big men; they were obliged to take mincing steps, like a girl, a certain fear attending their every movement. Then came Hurldebrand in the armour his grandfather had fought in against the Saracens, and he inspired terror in every heart; for some were awed by his terrific appearance, and others feared his weight would break his horse's back in the middle. So he staggered by. Then came Werner with everything upon him new, including a black patch on his nose. The barber who shaved him was so impressed with the necessity of being careful, that he could not keep his hand steady for nervousness, and the razor, slipping into the soft part of the farmer's nose, had caused an extensive and gaping wound; hence the plaster. Supporting herself upon his arm was the bride. They were followed by her friends, and the procession was closed by Werner's dairy-maids and female servants, who, like the men, had been attired by Hurldebrand in appropriate dress. They did not look so uncomfortable as the men, because it was easy enough to leave hooks undone here, and to stick pins in there; and besides they were very well known to every one in the village, and a good deal of good-humored pleasantry and fun took place between them and their friends. Especially the little boys took pleasure in treading upon their long skirts, and in pinning tags and bobs to the hanging fallals of their head-dresses.

As if in a stupor the bride walked along. Her eyes were not cast down, but looked straight before her into vacuity. Her features were quite expressionless. It was as if her soul were already dead, and her body but the fair nest from which the sweet bird had flown.

She had reached the market-place, when from the crowd one stepped forward, and running to her side, caught up her listless hand and said:

"Dorothe, Dorothe!"

Our hearts require little of our tongues. In repeating that name, unhappy Rudolph expressed what hours of explanation could not have told. Bitter grief and faithful love, entreaty and despair, were in an instant told, and as quickly heard and believed. Now a flush came into Dorothe's face, her eyes fixed themselves upon Rudolph as if they would never leave him, and she flung her arms about his neck, knowing nothing but that he was still hers.

Werner was amazed and confounded. What could he do? Not knowing, he hastened after Hurldebrand, who, concerned with his own difficulties, was getting along as fast as he could with his part of the procession, and leaving the latter part of the cavalcade behind.

You may be sure the episode of the lovers' meeting attracted all attention. Whispers, murmurs, sympathetic sighs arose from those near, and were echoed by those beyond. The villa-

gers closed round the young couple, and through this mob it was no easy matter to break. Hurldebrand's horse had been stopped, and when urged to proceed again, had quietly doubled his legs and rolled over on his rider; and Werner was disrespectfully handled by the independent villagers when he attempted to get before them. At this juncture the Graf's harsh voice was heard, and quickly an opening was made for him. He strode through with his hand upon his sword, and Werner followed at his heels like a bound. The mob closed in and pressed close upon them. Schwartzenschwein drew his sword, and quickly the villagers fell back, leaving an open space around the principal actors in the scene.

"Sunder them! sunder them!" shouted Werner.

The Graf put his hand upon Dorothe's shoulder, and said to Rudolph:

"Ferryman, this woman is my wife."

"She is not thine, nor shall she be," said Rudolph, disengaging his sword arm from about Dorothe's waist.

"She and her father too have given their promise. Who will separate us? Who has the right to come between us?"

"I," said a voice beside.

Then Brunhilda, removing a veil that had concealed her face from those she stood amongst, looked boldly in the eyes of the wicked Graf, and turned around that all people might see her. Then she said loudly, that they might every one hear her, "I am Brunhilda, the wife of Graf von Schwartzenschwein, and I forbid this marriage."

The Graf appeared unable to believe his senses. His face became ashen, and the peonies that erst blossomed in his cheeks were distilled, and the drops of moisture stood upon his face. A hostile murmur amongst the villagers aroused him to the necessity of immediate and decisive action. He drew a whistle from his breast and blew a shrill note. Half a dozen quasi-villagers threw off their cloaks and appeared in their true characters—Schwartzenschwein's bodyguard, armed to the teeth. The Graf and his men faced the crowd and drew their swords.

"Now," said the Graf, "let us arbitrate. Resistance is useless. Surrender to me Dorothe; she shall be mine. As for thee, woman" (facing Brunhilda), "thou art an unprincipled impostor, and must suffer the punishment of imposition. Guards, seize her!"

"Hold!" cried Rudolph. "Thou art known. Suspecting who the real marauders were, we have watched, and found in thee and thy scoundrels the destroyers of our property. We are prepared!" He clapped his hands, and a score of sturdy villagers, turning up their sleeves, displayed at once their badge of special constable, and the lethal weapon wielded by the force. Rudolph himself drew his sword, and placing himself between Dorothe and Brunhilda and the Graf, he shouted:

"Berghelm, secure the rascals, and for yourself freedom from the cursed yoke of Schwartzenschwein." Unused to armed opposition, the Graf's men no sooner saw the formidable array of their adversaries than they threw themselves upon their knees and begged for mercy. Not so the Graf. Whirling his sword about his head he sprang towards Rudolph, and brought his weapon down with the utmost velocity. It is needless to say Rudolph excused himself from being cleft to the chine by a very dexterous parry. And then began a fearful fight. Every stroke seemed to carry certain destruction with it, yet failed in effect. Not once did either seek the customary interval for refreshment. Blood flowed on both sides, and blood flew between. Men feared to interpose. Women were too interested to faint. All prayed for the success of Rudolph. Even Werner said, "Conquer, Rudolph, and thy guerdon shall be Dorothe," and Hurldebrand said, "Thy prowess (if thou winnest) will prove thy nobility, and thy worth even for my sister." What other encouragement needed Rudolph? Yet a greater incentive had he in the spectacle of these two poor women, who loved him so dearly, clinging to each other, in terror for his rather than of their own fate. He was not fighting for himself alone, but also for them; and this it was that made him superior to his foe. At last Rudolph made a desperate lunge and his sword was through the Graf's body. The Graf's parry came too late. Yet the stroke cut Rudolph's sword off by the hilt. The Graf, though mortally wounded, was not yet dead. With agony and hate transforming his face to that of a fiend, he nerved himself for the thrust which should be his last. Rudolph saw it. He cast one tender look of despair, immortal love, and adieu to Dorothe, and dropped his arms beside him to receive his death. And now Schwartzenschwein's sword in its turn was sheathed in quivering flesh, and the Graf and his victim fell together. Yet Rudolph was unscathed!

Brunhilda had seen his despair, and thrown herself upon the threatening steel, and now, but a foot removed from the Graf's corpse, she lay bleeding on the stones. Rudolph flung himself beside her, and by him sank Dorothe.

Brunhilda saw no one but him for whom she died. She could not speak, but her expanded eyes were full of unutterable love and entreaty as Rudolph looked down into them. And she pursed her lips, like an erring child wishing a kiss before sinking to sleep. He bent his head, and for the first time their lips met, and the sound of a kiss broke the awful silence. Then she closed her eyes with the saddest, sweetest smile, and a little shuddering sigh told how all grief left her heart, and that at last the weary child slumbered.

THE FAVORITE

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCT. 11, 1873.

"THE FAVORITE"

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NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We request intending contributors to take notice that future Rejected Contributions will not be returned.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Every periodical publication, be it daily, weekly, fortnightly, monthly or any other "ly," is troubled with the same plague—correspondents. And what are correspondents as a rule? People who imagine themselves cleverer than all their fellows beside, and, entertaining this exalted opinion of their capabilities, weary the life of an editor and make it a burden and a cross to him. There is not a magazine, not a newspaper that is free from the pest of voluntary contributions from gifted beings, desirous of "devoting themselves to literature as a profession," and whose friends, if they have any, ought at once to secure their admission into the handiest lunatic asylum, before they have time to do more mischief. "Punch," the amiable and good-natured "Punch," raves not unfrequently at the multitude of communications with which he is pestered, and breaks out at times into violent invectives against the brood of would-be wits and punsters. Daily newspapers, are in self-defence, obliged to post a notice at the head of their columns to the effect that "rejected communications cannot be returned;" magazines strive to protect themselves—and fail, for still the rage seizes on new individuals who persist in rushing in where angels, —leader writers, we mean—fear to tread.

"Scribner" has come out with a species of "circular letter" to the flock of contributors that assail the editor of that Magazine, and therein it is endeavored to enlarge on Coleridge's axiom that every literary man who wants "to get a living by literature" should make sure of his bread and butter by some other means. People who fancy that when they have scribbled off an article with all the commas left out and the originality forgotten, they are entitled to profuse thanks, liberal pay and speedy publication, are greatly mistaken. Just as much are they in error if they suppose that racy articles, which succeed in catching the spirit of the times, are ever refused. Editors do not find themselves ever overburdened with "original and clever contributions," but they do find themselves deluged with a mass of stuff not worth reading, which, nevertheless, they must wade through on the chance of finding that *rara avis*, a new idea, or, at the least, an old idea treated in a new and striking manner. There is not a newspaper office that could not tell many a story of ancient females and dilapidated males turning up at the busiest hour of the day, with some formidable manuscript of incredible dreariness and a request for its publication "on any terms." Youthful aspirants content themselves in general with enclosing their idiotic productions in an envelope and persuasively hinting at the expectation of a favorable reply, thereafter haunting the neighborhood and prowling round in a mysterious fashion to the intense annoyance of the whole staff. There are people who think that a newspaper is bound to print whatever is sent to it, and that its only *raison d'être* is the necessity for a literary limbo of some sort. So these individuals boldly send wretched verses that curdle the blood, tales that take away the appetite political tirades that undermine the constitution, and letters on all subjects from the birth of a three-headed, one-legged calf to the probable demise of the sun through excessive drinking. Some come with incomprehensible novels in three volumes and are astonished to find

that there is no demand for that species of literature; others, and these are very fiends, produce little items in which an advertisement lies *perdu* and exert their utmost blandishments to blind the suffering editor.

As if the unhappy man had not sorrow sufficient heaped on him by his regular contributors! For even those regularly trained to the work have their crotchets and fancies. This man has from early youth entertained feelings of admiration or hatred for a particular statesman in the Fiji Islands, and will not be content unless he can trot him out on every occasion and parade his knowledge of the natives, their laws, customs and manners. If he is asked to indite an article on the coronation of King Oscar or on the Eastern difficulty, he straightway gets hold of his Fijian and describes his opinions elaborately, concluding a column of his savage essay with a brief remark that he believes King Oscar is either crowned or going to be crowned, but there is no doubt that the policy of Kickerapoo, the Fijian counsellor, will influence, etc. Another man suffers from periodical fits which drive him to write articles descriptive of glowing summer weather during a period of prolonged rain or doleful lamentations about the variability of the weather when the barometer is as "set fair." But there is no end to the peculiarities of writers, and it might be thought they were enough to torment an editor without his having likewise the external inflictions of volunteers.

We have tried all we could to stop the plague of useless contributions: we have invariably failed. Henceforth we shall demand from each correspondent his certificate of birth, a lock of his hair and a deposit of fifty dollars, "not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith." The money will not be returned and no enclosure without a cheque or notes be considered.—*Halifax Chronicle*.

ADVICE TO AUTHORS.

In reading serial novels lately, especially the three-volume class, we have been struck by the fact that they display what may be called "too much effort." The materials of the story may be good; the style, as far as the mere composition is concerned, may be above mediocrity; there may be plenty of incident, dashing, stirring incident, or quiet home facts and situations, a fair command of language, and an abundance of illustration; and yet too much effort will go a long way to spoil the general good effect. It is said that Homer himself sometimes nods, and the same may be predicted of every great artist, but that instead of being a defect, is an added charm; it makes their works like a beautiful painting, in which the eye wanders from the masses of vivid light to rest contentedly for a time upon the quiet, neutral tints and the mellow shades. A picture all effect, however much of talent it might display, would be tiresome from its constant obtrusiveness; and that may furnish a lesson to such authors as those we are alluding to.

The tendency to be didactic is often evinced by those who might do the world much service. It will not be time lost, perhaps, to dwell a little upon this tendency. There are very few writers who can gracefully and easily mingle essays with the plot of a story. It requires not only such an amount of abstract knowledge and metaphysical acumen as falls to the lot of but very few, to make such attempts successfully; and even with those rare qualities in a high degree, there must be superadded a charm of style and manner which is the property only of the most gifted. It is more common in poetry than in prose, and Shelley and Tennyson are examples which stand out conspicuously among those by whose efforts the difficulty has been conquered; but the world must in the main be taught by things rather than by thoughts, by events rather than by descriptions, by objects rather than by ideas; and this is the reason why such poets as Shelley and Tennyson, transcendent as are their thoughts and powers of expression, are never so really popular as Byron, who is comparatively seldom abstract, and when he is, is so rather in scorn and contempt than serious earnestness; and Scott, who generally confines himself to incident.

But difficult as it is in poetry, it is still more so in prose. Let abstract thoughts be clothed in the most beautiful language, and how few will read them. Our own experience of a great number of book readers teaches us that those who hang with delight over the narrative portion of such fictions as Bulwer's "Zanoni," and Disraeli's "Tancred," skip page after page of the reflections with which they are interspersed. Scott, who lets his story so simply and so easily explain itself; who seldom tells you what his heroes and heroines think, and how their passions are nursed into action; but sinking and forgetting himself, tells you what they say and do, and shows you the circumstances by which they are surrounded, leaving his readers to do the moralizing for themselves, struck a true note when he wrote—

"I do not rhyme for that dull elf
Who cannot imagine for himself."

And Charles Dickens well understands the same principle of success. It is not Charles Dickens thinking, but men, women, and children who are acting, each according to his or her own individual nature; and that is one of the

causes why "Pickwick," "Dombey," "Nickleby," and "Copperfield," have made themselves welcome favorites at so many hearths.

Readers are, to a great extent, like reflective or imaginative travellers roaming through galleries of beautiful paintings, or treading the tessellated pavements of solid old cathedrals dimly lighted by the gorgeous-painted windows, and adorned with statues sculptured by the chisel of genius. They do not like a cicerone for ever at their heels, pouring into their ears thoughts either appropriate or inappropriate for them. They want their own ideal to have fair play—they want something left to imagine—they desire sometimes at least, to have the bases of thought, and to think for themselves; and so in books those authors who will often break in upon the narrative by whole pages of reflective speculation, will draw forth the thought that the vast quantity of sack is disproportioned to the small "hap'orth of bread." Those who would become popular must learn that they must turn their gaze and their efforts outward from themselves, making thought the unseen foundation of action, and building up trains of incident to illustrate ideas which are not blazoned forth, but lie almost hidden at the base of the superstructure; for if they will look inward, tracing sensations and their causes inversely, let them charm never so wisely, their audience will be but scanty.

Men in the mass love books as they love the objects of nature. The acorn contains the germ of the oak, but men do not worship the principle of life contained in the small cup so devoutly as they admire its material embodiment, the lordly oak, spreading its shade far over the turf at its feet; they love the babbling brook, with its clear waters sparkling in the sunshine more than they admire the powers which pour forth the stream from the fountain-head. A material world is wisely in its generation in love with the actual visible results of principles rather than with their hidden powers, and it is in perfect analogy and keeping, in strict conformity with all this, that they are fondest of thought when thought blossoms into action, and are more attached to those books which present them with living beings and their actions, than those which depict beautiful idealities, and attempt, after the fashion of the essayists, to paint the causes from which action proceeds.

ANTIQUITY OF CLUBS.

Clubs are by no means the modern creations which they might be supposed to be by those who survey the present gorgeous edifices in St. James' Street and Pall Mall, but have existed in England at least since the days of Shakspeare. One named the Mermaid, held at a tavern of that name, in an obscure street, now known as Friday Street, in the British metropolis, is supposed to have preceded it. Sir Walter Raleigh is believed to have been the founder of this primitive institution, and here is popularly said to have first astonished the world by eating a potato and smoking tobacco, though the authority of both these facts has been questioned by a sceptical posterity. Beaumont and Fletcher, Cobham, and a host of other congenial spirits, were members with Raleigh.

Probably one of the earliest association of the kind established in London was the Surly Club, which is thus described by one of the satirists of the day:—"The wrangling society was chiefly composed of master-carmen, lightermen, old Billingsgate porters, and rusty, tun-belly'd badge watermen, and kept at a mungrel tavern near Billingsgate-dock, where City dames used to treat their journeymen with sneakers of punch and new oysters. The principal ends that the members propos'd in thus convening themselves together once a week were to exercise the spirit of contradiction, and to teach and perfect one another in the art and mystery of foul language, that they might not want impudence to abuse passengers upon the Thames, gentlemen in the street, lash their horses for their own faults and curse one another heartily when they happened to meet and jostle at the corner of a street. He that could put on a countenance like a boatswain in hard weather, and growl and snarl like a curst mastiff over a bullock's liver, was a member fit for the thwarting society; and the more indirect answers or surly impertinent returns he could make to any question, the more he was respected for his contradictory humor and cross-grained abilities."

Another curious club of this period was the Nonose Club, which owed its origin to a whimsical gentleman who, taking a fancy to the sight of a large party of noseless persons, invited all he met in the street to dine at a certain day. The first meeting of the noseless tribe was much larger than might have been supposed. Nor was any club of the day better attended or sustained as long as its eccentric founder lived, which unhappily was only one year.

But other clubs were famous during the last century, especially the Beef Steak Club, which was, till lately, in existence. It owed its origin to the fact that some member of the peerage had called upon a noted actor named Dicky Suett, at one of the larger London theatres while the latter was engaged cooking his dinner. A beef-steak constituted the sole repast; but it was cooked so tenderly, and his lordship enjoyed it so much, that he asked permission to return with a friend on the following day. The friend came, and so much did the trio enjoy the steak cooked in their presence, that a club was formed, to meet once every succeeding week. Beef-steaks and port constituted the whole entertainment at this repast, and the custom was rigidly adhered to of cooking the viand on a silver gridiron in the pre-

sence of the members. The most celebrated men of the age have ranked among the number of these, including Fox, Burke, the noted Duke of Norfolk, and Lord Brougham.

NEWS NOTES.

THE price of coal is increasing in England.

THE *Ina*, of Belleville won the yacht race at Kingston.

SALVASTIANO OLOSAGA, the well-known Spanish statesman, is dead.

A SEVERE shock of earthquake was felt at the Desert, near Ottawa, on the 30th ult.

REINFORCEMENTS for the Spanish army in Cuba are to be despatched from Cadiz.

SEVENTY thousand people visited the London, Ont. exhibition during the first two days.

THE total number of victims by the bombardment of Alicante is 11 killed and 30 wounded.

CASES of typhoid fever are increasing daily in London, and much alarm is felt in the infected districts.

A NUMBER of accidents occurred on the 30th ult. on the British railroads. Many passengers were injured.

A COLLISION between two railway trains, near Carlisle, Eng., caused the death and injuring of several persons.

THE Carlist General, Seballo, has been summoned to appear before Don Carlos, for disobedience of orders.

THERE have been a number of new cases of cholera on a vessel which arrived at Liverpool on the other day.

As a precautionary measure, the authorities of Alicante have arrested the principal Intransigentes in that city.

At a meeting of Spanish Conservatives yesterday, resolutions supporting the Government were adopted.

FINANCIAL troubles are anticipated in Germany, bank stocks being unsaleable, and others having depreciated 20 per cent.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in Halifax to raise £1,000 to send Brown to Europe to row Sadler for the championship of the world.

THE new Christ Church at Ottawa was opened on the 28th ult. for divine service, by the most Reverend the Metropolitan, assisted by the Bishop of Ontario.

OWING to a report of the presence of cholera at Hull, Eng., the health authorities of Lisbon have ordered a strict quarantine on all vessels coming from that port.

THE French Royalists are in hopes of a division in the Bonapartists' ranks. The Rouher party offer to unite with them, while McMahon seems to favor the coalition.

COUNT de Chambord has issued a circular to his supporters, in which he represents himself as working for the restoration of the glory, greatness and prosperity of France.

At a Conservative meeting, held in Paris lately, some of the speakers claimed there would be a majority of 20 in favor of the restoration of the monarchy in the next session of the Assembly.

THE insurgent ships which bombarded Alicante have left for Cartagena. It is believed the insurrection in Spain will soon be ended, as Cartagena is now the only place which holds out.

THE Dominion Government have forwarded \$500 and a gold watch to be presented to the Rev. Mr. Ancient, for his gallant conduct in saving passengers on the ill-fated steamer *Atlantia*.

MR. Thomas Hughes, M. P., lately delivered a lecture on the subject of "America." He referred to the development of the British Provinces, and advised intending emigrants to go to Canada.

THE Spanish Government has addressed a note to the English Foreign Office, urging the release of the captured ironclads now at Gibraltar. A rupture between the two powers is probable if the vessels are not released.

MESSRS. Arch and Claydon, of the English Agricultural Laborers' Union, have had several interviews with Sir John A. Macdonald and the head of the Agricultural Department in regard to the emigration to Canada of agricultural laborers.

THE Spanish Government will soon address a formal complaint to the French Government respecting the violation of neutrality laws by the latter power in permitting the Carlist leader Seballo to pass through French territory into Spain without hindrance.

THE Carlists are reported as completely demoralized. Recent defeats have made desertions frequent, the celebrated Chief Seballo has been deprived of his command, while two other commanders have resigned. The National cause is gaining ground in the Northern Provinces.

THE Republican members of the French Assembly, alarmed at the growing power of the Monarchists, propose introducing, when the Assembly meets, a declaration against the infringement of popular sovereignty. Should the motion not be carried it is said they will resign.

THE news from Ashantee is satisfactory. The natives are in a half-starving condition, and are evidently waiting for the close of the rainy season, to commence operations. An American vessel was seized for selling gunpowder to the rebels. To prevent similar occurrences, a blockade of the coast has been ordered.

THE LITTLE HEART THAT WAITS.

The evening breeze is singing low
A lullaby to-day.
I have a question I would ask,
Before it dies away.
The pebbles on the beach are dry,
The tide has sunken low;
A little form is standing there
Between the ebb and flow.

A tangled mass of soft brown hair,
Two eyes cast meekly down,
A little face the sun has kissed,
Two cheeks a little brown;
Two little lips that pout and say—
"I do not think I know."
Two little lips that tell a fib!
Between the ebb and flow.

A little heart that longing waits
To know what next 'twill hear,
A little face that shyly looks
To see if still I'm near.
Ah! little heart that whispered "Yes,"
Though pouting lips said "No."
You thought that you'd be asked again
Between the ebb and flow.

A little face half-frightened when
I turn to go away,
Two little hands that shyly reach
As if to bid me stay;
A little voice that softly says—
"I did not mean that 'No,'"
A little pride that well was lost,
Beneath the ebb and flow.

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PUBLICANS and SINNERS

A LIFE PICTURE.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "To The Bitter End," "The Outcasts," &c., &c.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

He spent his day in the accustomed round of toil; had double work to do in consequence of his brief holiday; found the atmosphere of the Shadrack-road heavy and oppressive in the sultry noontide, after the clear air and bluer skies of the hills and woods round Stillmington; and that all-pervading aspect of poverty which marked the streets and alleys of his parish struck him more keenly after the snug respectability and prosperous trimness of Stillmington's dainty High-street and newly-erected villas. He travelled over the beaten track somewhat wearily, and felt ever so little inclined to envy Geoffrey, who was by this time hurrying across the face of the sun-dappled country-side in the Hull express, on the first stage to Norway; but he was no whit less patient in his ministrations, and when the long day was done turned homeward hopefully, to refresh himself after his labors before presenting himself at Cedar Lodge.

It was dusk when Mrs. Wincher admitted him into the blossomless courtyard. Mr. Sivewright had retired for the night, but Lucille was at work in the parlor. Mrs. Wincher informed him with a protecting air.

"You never come anigh us yesterday, nor yet the day before, Dr. Davory," she said, "and Mr. Sivewright was quite grumpy about it—said as he began to feel you was neglecting of him. 'It serves me right,' he said, 'for believin' as any doctor would go on caring for his patient without the hope of a fee; but I took him up sharp enough, and told him he ought to know you'd never looked at your attendance here from a fanatical pint of view.'"

"Meaning financial, I suppose, Mrs. Wincher?"

"O lor, yes, if you like it better per-nounced that way. I gave it him up-right and down-straight, you may be sure."

"It was very good of you to defend the absent. Nothing but absolute necessity would have kept me away from this house even for two days. Has Miss Sivewright been quite well?"

Mrs. Wincher hesitated before replying, and Lucius repeated his question anxiously.

"Well, yes; I can't say as there's been anything amiss with her. Only yesterday evening," here Mrs. Wincher dropped her voice, and came very close to him, with a mysterious air, "between the lights—blind man's holiday, as my good gentleman calls it in his jocose way—she gave me a bit of a turn. She'd been walking in the garden, and down by that blessed old wharf, where there's nothink better than stagnant mud and strange cats for anybody to look at, and it might be just about as dark as it is now, when she came past the window of the boothouse, where I happened to be scouring my saucepans and such-like; for the work do get behindhand in this great barrack of a place. You know the boothouse, don't you, Dr. Davory

—the little low building with the peaky roof just beyond the laundry?"

"Yes, I know. Go on, pray."

"Well, she came past the window looking so pale and strange, with her hands clasped upon her forehead, as if she'd been struck all of a heap by somethink as had frightened her. I bounced out upon her sudding, and I suppose that scared her all the more; for she gave a little skreek, and seemed as if she'd have dropped to the ground. 'Lor, Miss Lucille,' says I, 'it's only me. What in goodness name's the matter?' But she turned it off in her quiet way, and said she'd only felt a little dull and lonesome-like without you. 'Miss Lucille,' says I, 'you looked for all the world as if you had seen a ghost.' And she looks at me with her quiet smile, and says, 'People do see ghosts sometimes, Wincher; but I've seen none to-night; and then all of a sudding she gives way, and bursts out crying. 'Astaricall,' says I; and I takes her into the parlor, and makes her lie down on the sofa, and biles up the kittle with half a bundle of wood, and makes her a cup of tea, and after that she comes round again all

been very dull and very sad without you; that is all."

"And you have fretted yourself into a fever. O, Lucille, end all difficulties; make no impossible conditions, and let me take you away from this great lonely house very soon. I cannot give you the fair home we have talked about yet awhile—it may even be long before prosperity comes to us; but all that patience and courage can do to achieve fortune, I will do for your dear sake. I would not ask you to share debt or poverty, Lucille; I would not urge you to link your fate with mine, if I did not see my way to secure position, if I had not already the means of providing a decent home for my sweet young bride."

"Do you think that the fear of poverty has ever influenced me? No, Lucius, you must know me better than that. But I will not let you burden yourself too soon with a wife. Believe me, I am more than content. I am very happy in my present life, for I see you nearly every day. And I would not leave my poor old grandfather in his declining years. Let us think of our marriage as something still a long way

ance of his fate—not to know whether he is living or dead?"

"He is in God's hands. What could my feeble help do for him?"

"And after cherishing the idea of finding him all these years, you abandon the notion at once and for ever?"

"Yes. You think me changeable—frivolous, perhaps?" with a faint sigh.

"Forgive me, Lucille. I cannot help thinking you just a little capricious. I am naturally very glad to be released from the task you imposed upon me, which I felt was almost impossible. Yet I can but wonder that your opinions should undergo so complete a change. However, I do not question the wisdom of your present decision. I have placed the business in the hands of Mr. Otranto, the detective. You wish me to withdraw it—to forbid farther inquiries on his part."

"Yes! It will be better so. He is not likely to discover the truth. He would only raise false hopes, to end in bitter disappointment."

"His manner was certainly far from hopeful when I put the case before him. But these men have an extraordinary power of hunting up evidence. He might succeed."

"No, no, Lucius. He would only lure you on to spend all your hard-earned money, and fall at last. Tell him your inquiry is at an end. And now let us say no more about this painful subject. You are not angry with me, Lucius, for having caused you so much trouble?"

"It is impossible for me to be angry with you, Lucille," answered the surgeon, and then followed the foolish lovers' talk, at which Mrs. Wincher (presently appearing with the supper tray, whereon was set forth a banquet consisting of a plate of hard biscuits and a tumbler of London milk, for Lucille's refreshment), assisted in her capacity of duenna and guardian angel, for half an hour of unalloyed bliss; after which she escorted Lucius to the grim old gate, like a state prisoner led across the garden of the Tower on his way to execution.

"I shall come early to-morrow to see your grandfather," said Lucius to Lucille at parting.

He went home lighter-hearted than usual. It was a relief to be rid of that troublesome search for a man who seemed to have vanished utterly from human ken. He wrote to Mr. Otranto, the detective, before he slept, bidding that gentleman consider the business about which he, Lucius, had consulted him at an end.

Mr. Sivewright received his medical attendant with a somewhat fretful air next morning, and Lucius was both shocked and surprised to discover that a change for the worse had occurred in his patient during his absence. There was a touch of fever that was new to the case—a nervous depression, such as he had not found in the invalid for some time past. But this change seemed the effect of mental excitement rather than of physical weakness.

"Why did you leave me so long?" asked Mr. Sivewright peevishly. "But I am a fool to ask such a question. I pay you nothing, and it is not likely you would allow any consideration for my comfort to stand in the way of your pleasures."

"I have not been taking pleasure," answered Lucius quietly, "nor could I give you more honest service than I now give you were you to pay me five hundred a year for my attendance. Why are you always so ready to suspect me of sordid motives?"

"Because I have never found mankind governed by any other motives," replied the old man. "However, I daresay I wrong you. I like you, and you have been very good to me; so good that I have come to lean upon you as if you were indeed that staff of my age which I should have found in my son. I am glad you have come back. Do you believe in sinister influences, in presentiments of approaching misfortune? Do you believe that Death casts a warning shadow across our path when he draws near us?"

"I believe that invalids are fanciful," answered Lucius lightly; "you have been thinking too much during my absence."

"Fanciful!" repeated Mr. Sivewright with a sigh, "yes, it may have been nothing more than a sick man's fancy. Yet I have seemed to feel a shadowy presence in this house—the unseen presence of an enemy. There have been strange sounds too in the long sleepless night—not last night, all was quiet enough then—but on the previous night; sounds of doors opening and shutting; stealthily opened, stealthily closed, but not so quietly done as to cheat my wakeful ears. Once I could have sworn that I heard voices, yet when I questioned both the Winchers next morning they declared they had heard nothing."

"Did you say anything to Lucille about these noises?"

"Not a word. Do you think I would scare that poor lonely child? No, the house is dreary enough. I won't put the notion of ghosts or other midnight intruders into her head; girls' brains are quick enough to grow fancies."

"There was wisdom in that reserve," said Lucius; and then he went on thoughtfully, "The noises you heard were natural enough, I have no doubt. Old houses are fruitful of phantoms; doors loosely fastened, old locks that have lost their spring; given a strong wind, and you have a ghostly promenade."

"But there was no wind the night before last. The air was hot and sultry. I had my window open all night."

"And you may therefore have imagined the noises in yonder road to be sounds proceeding from the interior of this house. Nothing is so deceptive as the sense of hearing, especially in nervous subjects."



"THE SAILOR'S RETURN."

right. You mustn't let out to her that I've told you about it, Dr. Davory; for she begged and prayed of me not to say a word, only I thought it my bonding duty to tell you."

"And you were right, Mrs. Wincher. No, I'll not betray you. This dismal old house is enough to blight any life. Would to God I could take her to a brighter home without delay!"

"I'm sure I wish you could," answered Mrs. Wincher heartily; "for I must say there never was a house that less repaid the trouble of cleaning, or weighed heavier on the spirits."

This little exchange of confidences had taken place in the forecourt, where Mrs. Wincher had detained Mr. Davoren while she disburdened her bosom of its weight.

Lucius went straight to the parlor, where Lucille was seated before a formidable pile of household linen—table-cloths in the last stage of attenuation, sheets worn threadbare, which she was darning with a sublime patience. She looked up as Lucius entered the room, and a faint flush lighted up the pale face at sight of her lover; yet, despite her pleasure at his return, he saw that she had changed for the worse during his brief absence. The transient glow faded from her cheek, and left her paler than of old; the hand Lucius held in both his own was burning with a slow fever.

"My dearest," he said anxiously, "has anything been amiss in my absence?"

"Was not your absence itself amiss?" she asked, with the faintest possible smile. "I have

off—in the happy future that it is so sweet to talk and dream about. Only, Lucius," she went on in a faltering tone, with a downward look in the eyes that were wont to meet his own so frankly, "you spoke just now of my having imposed too hard a condition upon you—you meant, of course, with regard to my father?"

"Yes, dear."

"I have been thinking a great deal about this subject in your absence, and have come to see it in a new light. The condition was too difficult; forget that I ever imposed it. I am content to know no more of my father's fate than I know already."

"This change is very sudden, Lucille."

"Not sudden. I have had ample time for thought in these two long days. I had no right to ask so much of you. Let my father's fate be what it may, neither you nor I could have power to alter it."

It happened somewhat strangely that this release was not altogether welcome to Lucius. He had thought his mistress unreasonable before; he thought her capricious now.

"I have no desire in this business except to obey you," he said somewhat coldly. "Am I to understand, then, that I am absolved from my promise? I am to make no farther effort to discover Mr. Sivewright's fate?"

"No farther effort. I renounce altogether the idea of tracing out my father's life."

"You are content to remain in utter ignor-

"No, Davoren, I made no such mistake. Nothing you or any one else can say will convince me that I did not hear the heavy outer door, the door at the back opening upon the garden, opened and shut. I should, perhaps, have thought less of this fact, strange and alarming as it is in itself, were it not for my own feelings. From the hour in which I heard those sounds I have had an overpowering sense of approaching evil. I feel that something, or some influence inimical to myself, is near at hand, overshadowing and surrounding my life with its evil power. I feel almost as I felt twelve years ago, when I woke from my drugged sleep to find that my son had robbed me."

"The delusion of an overwrought brain," said Lucius. "I must give you a sedative that will insure better sleep."

"No, for pity's sake," cried the old man eagerly, "no opiates. Let me retain my natural sense to the last. If there is danger at hand I need it all the more."

"There can be no such thing as danger," said Lucius; "but I will examine the fastenings of that back door, and of all other external doors, and, if necessary, have the locks and bolts made more secure."

"The locks and bolts are strong enough. You need waste no money on them. I used to fasten all doors myself every night before my illness."

"You have every reason to trust the Winchers, I suppose?"

"As much reason as I can have to trust any human being. They have served me upwards of twenty years, and I have never yet found them out in any attempt to cheat me. They may have been robbing me all the time, nevertheless, as my son robbed me, and may wind up by cutting my throat."

"A crime that would hardly repay them for their trouble, I imagine," said Lucius, with his thoughtful smile, "since you possess nothing but your collection, and the assassins could hardly dispose of that."

"Perhaps not. But they may think that I am rich—in spite of all I have ever told them of my poverty—just as you may think that I am rich, and that the penniless girl you have chosen may turn out a rich prize by and by."

"I have no such thought," answered Lucius, meeting his patient's cunning look with the calm clear gaze of perfect truth; "wealth or poverty can make no difference in my love for your granddaughter. For her own sake I might wish that she were not altogether portionless, for mine I can have no such desire. I value no fortune but such as I can win for myself."

"You speak like a proud man, and a foolish one into the bargain. To say you do not value money is about as wise as to say you do not value the air you breathe; for one is almost as necessary to existence as the other. What does it matter who makes the money, or how it is made, so long as it finds its way to your pocket? Will a sovereign buy less because it was scraped out of a gutter? Is wealth one whit the less powerful though a man crawls through the dirt to win it? Let him squeeze it from the sweat and toil of his fellow men, it carries no stain of their labor. Let him cheat for it, lie for it, betray his brother or abjure his God for it, his fellow men will honor him none the less, so long as he has enough of it. The gold won on a racecourse or at a gaming-table, though broken hearts and ruined homes went along with it, has as true a ring as your honorable independence, by whatever inspiration of genius or toil of brain you may earn it."

"You speak bitterly, like a man who has been accustomed to contemplate humanity 'the seamy side without,'" said Lucius coldly; "but be assured I have never calculated on being enriched by the fruits of your industry."

"Not even upon finding yourself the inheritor of my collection?" inquired Mr. Sivewright, his keen eyes peering into the surgeon's face.

"I have not even aspired to that honor," replied Lucius, with a somewhat contemptuous glance at the outer shell of painted canvas, inscribed with hieroglyphics, which encased the departed Pharaoh.

"So much the better," said the old man. "I should be sorry to think you might be disappointed by and by, when this shrunken form is clay, and you come to grope among my art treasures thinking to find some hidden hoard—the miser's hoard of slowly-gathered wealth which he loved too well to spend, and yet was obliged to leave behind him at the last."

Lucius looked at the speaker curiously. The old man's pale gray eyes shone with a vivid light; his thin tremulous hands were spread above the bedclothes, as if they had been stretched over a pile of gold, protecting it from a possible assailant.

"Yes," thought Lucius, "I have often fancied this man must be a miser; I am sure of it now. Those words, that gesture, tell their own story. In spite of all his declarations to the contrary, he is rich, and these groundless fears spring from the thought of some concealed hoard which he feels himself powerless to protect."

He felt some pity, but more contempt, for the subject of these thoughts, and no elation at the idea that this hoarded wealth might possibly come to him. He did his best to soothe the old man's excited nerves, and succeeded tolerably well. He had taken up his hat, and was on the point of hurrying off to begin his daily round—delayed considerably by the length of this interview—when Mr. Sivewright called him back.

"Will it trouble you to return here after your day's work?" he asked.

"Trouble me? very far from it. I had counted on spending my evening with Lucille—and you, if you are well enough to be plagued with my company."

"You know I always like your company. But to-night I have something to do; some papers that I want to look over, of no particular importance either to myself or those that come after me; old documents connected with my business career and what not. But I want to set my house in order before I leave it for a narrower one. Now, Davoren, I want you to hunt up some of these papers for me. I have sent that old fumbler, Wincher, to look for them, but the man is purblind, I suppose, for he did not succeed in finding them. They are in an old oak cabinet in a loft where I keep the dregs of my collection; Lucille will show you the place. Here is the key—the lock is a curious one—and the papers are stowed away in odd corners of the cabinet; inner drawers which brokers call secret, but which a child might discover at the first glance. Bring me all the papers you find there."

"Do you wish me to make the search now, sir, or in the evening?"

"In the evening, of course. It is a business to be done at your leisure. But you must have daylight for it. Come back as early as you can, like a good fellow; I have a fancy for looking over those papers to-night. Heaven only knows how many days remain to me."

"The same doubt hangs over the lives of all of us," answered Lucius. "Your case is by no means alarming."

"I don't know that. I have a presentiment of evil, an instinctive apprehension of danger, like that which all nature feels before the coming of a storm."

CHAPTER XVI.

AN UNPLEASANT DISCOVERY.

The thought of this conversation with Mr. Sivewright followed Lucius all through the day's work. He meditated upon it in the intervals of his toil, and that meditation only tended to confirm him in his opinion as to the lonely old man. Soured and embittered by his son's ingratitude, Homer Sivewright had consoled himself by the indulgence of that passion which is of all passions the most absorbing—the greed of gain. As he beheld his profits accumulate he became more and more parsimonious; surrendered without regret the pleasures for which he had no taste; and having learned in his poverty to live a life of hardship and deprivation, was contented to do without luxuries and even comforts which had never become necessary to his existence. Thus the sole delight of his days had been the accumulation of money, and who could tell how far the usurer's exorbitant profits had gone to swell the tradesman's honest gains? The art collection might have been little more than a cover for the money-lender's less reputable commerce.

Thus reasoned Lucius. He returned to Cedar House at about five in the afternoon, having dined hastily at a coffee-house in the Shadrack-road, in the midst of his day's work.

He found the table in the spacious old parlor laid for tea, and drawn into one of the open windows. Lucille had contrived, even with her small means, to give a look of grace to the humble meal. There were a few freshly-cut flowers in a Venetian goblet, and some fruit in an old Derby dish; the brown loaf and butter and glass jar of marmalade had a fresher and daintier look than anything Mrs. Babb the charwoman ever set before her master. Lucius thought of the fair surroundings that wealth could buy for the girl he loved; thought how easy their lives would be if he were only rich enough to give her the home he dreamed of, if there were no question of waiting and patience. True that he might give her some kind of home—a home in the Shadrack district—at once, but was it such a shelter as he would care to offer to his fair young bride? Would it not be a dreary beginning of life?

Yes, Mr. Sivewright's hoarded wealth might give them much, but could he, Lucius, as an honest man, feel any satisfaction in the possession of a fortune gained in such crooked ways as the miser treads in his ruthless pursuit of gold? He tried to put all thought of that possible wealth out of his mind. That way lay temptation, perhaps dishonor; for in his mind it was impossible to dissociate the miser's wealth from the means by which it had been amassed.

Lucille had the same pale troubled look which had alarmed him on the previous evening, but this he ascribed to a natural anxiety about her grandfather. He did his best to cheer her, as they drank tea together at the little table by the open window, ministered to by the devoted Wincher, whose bonnet hovered about them throughout the simple meal.

"She's fidgety about the old gentleman, poor child," said Mrs. Wincher. "I'm sure she's been up and down that blessed old staircase twenty times to-day, that restless she couldn't settle to nothink. And he is a bit cranky, I'll allow, not knowin' his own mind about anything, and grumbling about as beautiful a basin of broth as was ever sent up to an invalid. But sickness is sickness, as I tell our missy, and she musn't be surprised if sick folks are contrary."

When Mrs. Wincher had departed with the tea-tray, Lucius told Lucille of the search he had undertaken for Mr. Sivewright.

"My grandfather told me about it," she said. "I am to show you the cabinet in the loft. He would have sent me up to fetch the papers alone, he said, only there is so much lumber crowded together that he doubted if I should be able to get at the cabinet. We had better go at once before the light begins to fade, for it is rather dark up there."

"I am ready, dear."

Lucille produced a great bunch of rusty keys from the desk at which Mr. Sivewright had been wont to transact the mysterious business of his retirement, and they went up the old staircase side by side in the afternoon sunlight, which had not yet begun to wane. The wide corridor which led to the invalid's room, with the doors of other rooms on either side of it, was familiar enough to Lucius; but he had never yet ascended above this story, and Lucille had told him that the upper floor was a barren desert—the undisputed territory of mice and spiders. She unlocked a door which opened on a narrow flight of stairs—the steep steps worn by the tread of departed generations, and of various levels. The staircase brought them to the top-most story, above which rose the loft they had to explore. The ceiling of the landing on this upper floor was low, blotched and swollen with the rain of many a winter, the dilapidated roof being in some parts little better than a filter. There were curious old panelled doors on either side of this landing, which was lighted by one melancholy window, across whose narrow panes the spider had woven her cloudy tapestries.

"Are all those rooms empty?" asked Lucius, looking at the numerous doors.

"Yes," answered Lucille hurriedly. "My grandfather fancied the floors unsafe, and would put nothing into them. Besides, he had room enough down-stairs. The things he has stowed away in the roof are things upon which he sets no value—mere rubbish which almost any one else would have given away. Come, Lucius."

There was a steep little staircase leading up to the loft, only one degree better than a ladder. This they mounted carefully in semi-darkness, and then Lucius found himself in a vast substantially floored chamber, just high enough in the clear to admit of his standing upright, and amidst a forest of massive timber, evidently the roof of a house built to defy the grim destroyer Time.

For some moments all was darkness; but while he was striving to pierce the gloom, Lucille raised a sloping shutter in the centre of the roof, and let in a burst of western sunlight. Then he beheld the contents of the place—a chaos of ancient lumber, the wreck of time. It was like standing among the bruised and battered timbers of a sunken vessel at the bottom of the sea.

The objects around him were evidently the merest waste and refuse of a large and varied collection—broken arm-chairs, dilapidated buffets, old oak-carving in every stage of decay, odd remnants of mildewed and moth-eaten tapestry, fragments of shattered plaster casts; the head of a Diana, crescent crowned, lying amidst the tattered remains of a damask curtain; an armless Apollo, leaning lopsided, and despondent of aspect, against an odd leaf of a Japanese screen; old pictures whose subjects had long become inscrutable to the eye of man; stray cushions covered with faded embroidery, which had once issued bright and glowing from the fair hand that wrought it—on every side the relics of sometime splendor, the very dust and sweepings of goodly dwellings that had long been empty—a melancholy picture, suggestive of man's decay.

Lucille peered into the shadows which filled the angles of the loft in quest of that oaken cabinet, of which she had but a faint remembrance.

"It used to stand in the back parlor in Bond street when I was a child," she said. "Yes, I remember, a curious old thing, with the figures of Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel. There are little folding-doors that open the gates of Eden, with the angel and his flaming sword. There are carvings on each side; on one side the expulsion from Paradise, on the other side the death of Abel. See, there it is behind that pile of pictures."

Lucius looked in the direction she indicated. In the extreme corner of the loft he saw a clumsy cabinet of the early Dutch school, much chipped and battered, with several old frameless canvasses propped against it. He clambered over some of the clumsier objects which blocked his way, cleared a path for Lucille, and after some minutes' labor they both reached the corner where the cabinet stood.

Happily the western light shone in this direction. The first task was to remove the pictures, which were thickly coated with dust, and by no means innocent of spiders. Lucille drew back with a shudder and a little girlish scream at the sight of a black and bloated specimen of that tribe.

Lucius put aside the pictures one by one. They were of the dingiest school of art, old shopkeepers doubtless, for which Mr. Sivewright had vainly striven to find a customer. Here and there an arm or a head was faithfully visible beneath the universal brown of the varnish, but the rest was blank. It was, therefore, with considerable surprise that Lucius perceived beneath this worthless lumber a picture in a frame, and, by the appearance of the canvas, evidently modern. He turned it gently to the light, and saw—What? The face of the man he killed in the pine forest.

Happily for Lucius Davoren, he was kneeling on the ground, and with his back to Lucille, when he made this discovery. A cry of surprise, pleasure, terror, he knew not which, broke from her lips as he turned that portrait to the light; but from his there came no sound.

For the moment the blow stunned him; he knelt there looking at the too-well remembered face—the face that had haunted him sleeping and waking—the face that he would have given years of his life utterly to forget.

It was the same face; on that point there could be no shadow of doubt. The same face in

the pride of youth, the bloom and freshness of early manhood. The same keen eyes; the same hooked nose, with its suggestion of affinity to the hawk and vulture tribe; the unmistakable form of the low brow, with its strongly marked perceptives and deficiency in the organs of thought; the black hair, growing downward in a little peak; the somewhat angular brows.

"My father's portrait," said Lucille, recovering quickly from that shock of surprise. "To think that my grandfather should have thrust it out of sight, here amongst all this worthless rubbish. How bitterly he must have hated his only son!"

"Your father?" cried Lucius, letting the picture drop from his nerveless hands, and turning to Lucille with a face white as the plaster head of Diana. "Do you mean to tell me that man was your father?"

"My dear father," the girl answered sadly; "my father, whom I shall love to the end of my life, whom I love all the better for his misfortunes, whom I pity with all my heart for the ill fate that changed his father's natural affection into a most unnatural hate."

She took up the portrait, and carried it to a clearer spot, where she laid it gently down upon an old curtain.

"I will find a better place for it by and by," she said. "It was too cruel of my grandfather to send it up here. And I have so often begged him to show me a picture of my father."

"I wonder you can remember his face after so long an interval," said Lucius, who had in some measure regained his self-possession, though his brain seemed still full of strange confused thoughts, amidst which the one horrible fact stood forth with hideous distinctness.

The man he had slain yonder was the father of the woman he loved. True that the act had been a sacrifice, and not a murder; the execution of ready-handed justice upon a most vile wretch. But would Lucille ever believe that? She who, in spite of all her grandfather's dark hints and bitter speeches, still clung with a fond belief to the father she had loved. She must never know that fatal deed in the western wilderness; never learn what a wretch man becomes when necessity degrades him to the level of the very beasts against which he fights the desperate fight for life. Take from man his civilisation and his surroundings, and how far is he superior, either in the capacity to suffer or in kindness of nature, to the tiger he hunts in the Indian jungle, or the wolf he shoots in the Canadian backwoods? And this was the man whose fate, until last night, he had stood pledged to discover; the man whose lost footsteps he was to have tracked through the wilderness of life. Little need of inquiry. This man's troubled history had been brought to an abrupt ending, and by the seeker's rash hand.

"Come," said Lucille anxiously; "we must find those papers for my grandfather. He will not rest unless he has them this evening."

(To be continued.)

The two great difficulties in the way of modern housekeeping—namely, of dispensing with food and servants—seem likely to be solved in a most pleasing manner by the spirits. An interesting account is given of a banquet provided the other day by spirits, who also acted as parlor maids, laying the cloth, clearing away the things, and making themselves generally useful. The entertainment consisted of tea, cake, and bread and butter. The guests had no idea of the feast that was in store for them, and after sitting in darkness for a few minutes were agreeably surprised to find that food, cups, saucers, napkins, and plates were being supernaturally chucked about the room, and that the spirits evidently intended to "stand treat." A kettle of boiling water being thrust into the hands of a gentleman present, it was wisely determined by the medium to strike a light, when, to the amazement of all present, "there was revealed the spectacle of a covered table richly loaded with all the essentials for making a hearty tea." There were two cakes, a loaf of bread, about two or three pounds of grapes, butter, milk, a ponderous old teapot, and a kettle of boiling water, the spout of the latter being plugged by means of a tight-fitting cork, thus showing that the spirits had prudently provided against the possibility of scalding themselves while laying the table in the dark. The tea was "heartily enjoyed," and after an hour's feasting it was discovered that the fragments were sufficient to provide another meal for an equal number of guests. The lights being then extinguished, the spirits cleared the table with marvellous celerity, and there seems to have been no drawback to the enjoyment of the evening, unless, indeed, any of the guests were fastidious enough to object to the tablecloth, which "was found to have been extemporized out of a sheet which was stated to have been folded up and located in the bottom of a drawer in one of the rooms upstairs." If spirits take to behaving in this fashion it may safely be predicted that so far from their being made the subject of ribald jests, they will become exceedingly popular.

A MAMMA in the rural districts lately gave her five-year-old hopeful an outfit of fishing tackle. Soon she heard a shout from Willie, and running out, found one of her best hens fast winding up the line in her crop, whither the hook had preceded it. Willie, observing the troubled look of his mother, quietly remarked, "Don't worry, mother. I guess she will stop when she gets to the pole."

THE GIFTS.—RONDEL.

BY ROBERT HUCHANAN.

These are flowers for favors!
Wear them on thy breast—
Red roses, red roses
As bright as earth discloses,
Red roses with sweet savors
Blown in the spicy west.
These are flowers for favors,
Flowers of sweetest savors,
Wear them on thy breast!

Flowers, too cold for bosoms,
Take them in thy hand—
White lilies, white lilies,
And purest daffodillies;
These lilies are the blossoms,
Thine arm the lily-wand—
Flowers too cold for bosoms,
Lily leaves and blossoms,
Take them in thy hand.

These are flowers for dreaming!
Wear them in thy hair—
Blue pansies, blue pansies
As pure as maiden fancies;
Blooms like blue eyes beaming,
For golden locks to wear—
These are flowers for dreaming,
Blue, and bright, and beaming,
Wear them in thy hair.

These are flowers thy lover
Strews beneath thy feet:
Oxlips, bluebells, daisies,
Sweets the meadow raises—
Orchids, thyme, and clover,
That trod upon scent sweet.
These are flowers thy lover,
Where thy footsteps hover,
Strews beneath thy feet.

Wear these flowers for favors,
Lady of them all—
White lilies, red roses,
Blue pansies, be thy posies;
And countless flowers give savors
Beneath thy soft foot-fall.
Wear thy flowers for favors,
Drink their sweetest savors,
Lady of them all!

GUNNAR: A NORSE ROMANCE.

BY H. H. BOYESEN.

PART IV

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"Do you call this threshing?" said she severely, picking up a sheaf of rye from a large pile which the men had just been clearing off the floor. "Do you call this threshing, I say? Only look here!" (and she shook the sheaf vigorously); "I would undertake to shake more than half a bushel of grain out of this pile which you pretend to have threshed. Mind you, men soon get their passports from Rimul, if they work that way."

Gunnar, supposing that he had been unobserved, took the last words as a warning to himself, and was already taking his departure when a sharp "Gunnar Henjumhei!" quickly called him back.

"It is damp weather to-day," stammered he, as he slowly drew nearer. A few steps from her he stopped, pulled off his cap again, and stood twirling it in his hands, expecting her to speak.

"Whom do you want to see?" asked she, having measured him with her eye from head to foot.

"Ragnhild, your daughter."

"Ragnhild, my daughter, has never yet been so pressed for wooers that she should have to take up with housemen's sons. So you will understand Gunnar Henjumhei, that housemen's sons are no longer welcome at Rimul."

A quick pain, as if of a sudden sting, ran through his breast. The blood rushed to his face, and he had a proud answer ready; but as his glance fell upon the stern, stately woman whom he had always been taught to look up to as a kind of superior being, the words died upon his lips.

"She is Ragnhild's mother," thought he, and turned to go. He had just gained the foot of the barn-bridge when a loud, scornful laughter struck his ear. He stopped and looked back. There stood Lars Henjum in the barn-door, doubled up with laughter. This time it was hard to calm the boiling blood; and had it not been for the presence of Ragnhild's mother, Lars might have had occasion to regret that laughter before nightfall. So Gunnar started again; but no sooner had he turned his back on Lars than the laughter burst forth again, and grew louder and wilder with the distance, until at last it sounded like a defiant scream. This was more than he could bear. He had tried hard to master himself; now he knew not whither his feet bore him, until he stood face to face with Lars and Ingeborg of Rimul. He clinched his fist and thrust it close up to the offender's face. Lars forgot to laugh then, turned pale, and sought refuge behind the widow's back.

"Gunnar, Gunnar!" cried she; for even she was frightened when she met the wild fire in his eye. She was a woman; it would be a shame to strike when a woman begged for peace.

He sent Lars a fierce parting glance. "You and I will meet again," said he, and went.

The two remained standing on the same spot, half unconsciously following him with their eyes, until the last dim outline of his figure vanished in the fog.

"Lars," said Ingeborg, turning abruptly on her nephew, "you are a coward."

"I wonder if you would like to fight with a fellow like him, especially when he was in such a rage," replied Lars.

"You are a coward," repeated the widow emphatically, as if she would bear no contradiction; and she turned again, and left him to his own reflections.

In April fog and April sleet the days creep slowly. Every day Gunnar looked longingly toward the mountains, wondering how that great world might be on the other side. Every morning awoke him with new resolutions and plans; every evening closed over a tale of withering courage and fading hopes; and only night brought him rest and consolation, when she let her dream-painted curtain fall over his slumber, like a *mirage* over the parched desert.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WEDDING OF THE WILD-DUCK.

Berg was the name of a fine farm west of Rimul. Peer was the name of the man who owned the farm. But the church and the friendly little parsonage were on the Henjum side of the river, and in the summer, therefore, the fjord was the church road of the Rimul people and all who lived on their side of the water. This Peer Berg was a very jovial man, and had a great many daughters, who, as he was wont to say himself, were the only crop he had ever succeeded in raising; in fact, there were more daughters on Berg than were needed to do the work about the place, and it was, therefore, not to be wondered at that Peer Berg never frowned on a wooer; the saying was, too, that both he and his wife had quite a faculty for alluring that kind of folks to the house. Gunnar knew the Berg daughters; for wherever there was dancing and merry-making, they were as sure to be as the fiddlers. As far back as he could remember, the church-road had never missed the "Wild-Ducks" from Berg, as they were generally called, because they all were dressed alike, were all fair and gay, and where one went all the rest would invariably follow. Now one of the Wild-Ducks was to be married to a rich old bachelor from the neighboring valley, and people knew that Peer Berg intended to make a wedding the fame of which should echo through seven parishes round. Summons for the wedding were sent out far and wide, and to Gunnar with the rest.

It was early in the morning when bride and bridegroom from Berg with their nearest kinsfolk cleared their boats, and set out for the church; on the way one boat of wedding guests after another joined them, and by the time they reached the landing-place in the "Parsonage Bay" their party counted quite a goodly number. The air was fresh and singularly transparent, and the fjord, partaking of the all-pervading air-tone, glittered in changing tints of pale blue and a cool, delicate green. Now and then a faint tremor would skim along its mirror, like the quiver of a slight but delightful emotion. Towards the north the mountains rose abruptly from the water, and with their snow-hooded heads loomed up into fantastic heights; irregular drifts of light, fog-like cloud hung or hovered about the lower crags. Westward the fjord described a wide curve, bounded by a lower plateau, which gradually ascended through the usual pine and birch regions into the eternal snow-fields of immeasurable dimensions; and through the clefts of the nearest peaks the view was opened into a mountain panorama of indescribable grandeur. There gigantic yokuls measured their strength with the heavens; wild glaciers shot their icy arms downwards clenching the landscape in their icy embrace; and rapid, snow-fed rivers darted down between the precipices where only a misty spray, hovering over the chasm, traced their way toward the fjord.

About half-way between the church and the mouth of the river a headland, overgrown with birch and pine forest, ran far out into the fjord. Here the first four boats of the bridal party stopped on their homeward way to wait for those which had been left behind; in one sat the bride herself, with breast-plate and silver crown on her head, and at her side the bridegroom shining in his best holiday trim, with rows of silver buttons and buckles, according to the custom of the valley; in his hand he held an ancient war-axe. On the bench in front of them Peer Berg and his merry wife had their places; and next to them, again, two of the bridegroom's nearest kin. The second boat contained the remaining Wild-Ducks and other relatives and connections; and the third and fourth, wedding guests and musicians. But there were at least nine or ten loads missing yet; for the wedding at Berg was to be no ordinary one. In the mean time old Peer proposed to taste the wedding brewage, and bade the musicians to strike up so merry a tune that it should sing through the bone and the marrow. "For fiddles like hops, gave strength to the beer," said he, "and then people from afar will hear that the bridal-boats are coming." And swinging above his head a jug filled to the brim with strong homebrewed Hardanger-beer, he pledged the company, and quaffed the liquor to the last drop. "So did our old forefathers drink," cried he; "the horn might stand on either end if their lips had once touched it. And may it be said from this day, that the wedding guests

at Berg proved that they had the true old Norse blood in their veins." A turbulent applause followed this speech of Peer's, and amid music, singing, and laughter the beer-jugs passed from boat to boat and from hand to hand. Now and then a long, yoddlng halloo came floating through the calm air, followed by a clear, manifold echo; and no sooner had the stillness closed over it than the merry voices from the boats again rose in louder and noisier chorus. All this time the bridal fleet was rapidly increasing, and for every fresh arrival the beer-jugs made another complete round. No one drank without finding something or other to admire, whether it were the liquor itself or the skilfully carved silver jugs in which, as every one knew, Peer Berg took no little pride; indeed, they had been heirloom in the family from immemorial times, and the saying was that even kings had drunk from them. There were now eighteen or nineteen boats assembled about the point of the headland, and the twentieth and last was just drawing up its oars for a share of the beer and the merriment. In the stern sat Gunnar, dreamily gazing down into the deep, and at his side his old friend Rhyme-Ola, his twinkling eyes fixed on him with an anxious expression of almost motherly care and tenderness. In his hands he held some old, time-worn paper, to which he quickly directed his attention whenever Gunnar made the slightest motion, as if he were afraid of being detected. When the customary greetings were exchanged, the bridegroom asked Rhyme-Ola to let the company hear his voice, and the singer, as usual, readily complied. It was the old mournful tale of Young Kirsten, and the Merman; and as he lent his rich, sympathetic voice to the simplicity of the ballad, its pathos became the more touching, and soon the tears glittered in many a tender-hearted maiden's eye.

There is a deep, unconscious romance in the daily life of the Norwegian peasant. One might look in vain for a scene like this throughout Europe, if for no other reason than because the fjord is a peculiarly Norwegian feature, being, in life, tone, and character, as different from the friths of Scotland and the bays of the Mediterranean as the hoary, rugged pines of the North are from those slender, smooth-grown things which in the South bear the same name. Imagine those graceful, strong-built boats, rocking over their own images reflected in the cool transparency of the fjord; the fresh, fair-haired maidens scattered in blooming clusters among the elderly, more sedately dressed matrons; and the old men, whose weather-worn faces and rugged, expressive features told of natures of the genuine mountain mould. The young lads sat on the row-benches, some with the still dripping oars poised under their knees, while they silently listened to the song; others bending eagerly forward or leaning on their elbows, dividing their attention between Rhyme-Ola and the tittering girls on the benches in front. They all wore red, pointed caps, generally with the tassel hanging down over one side of the forehead, which gave a certain touch of roguishness and light-heartedness to their manly and clear-cut visages. And to complete the picture, there is Rhyme-Ola, as he sits aloft on the beer-kegs in the stern of the boat, now and then striking out with his ragged arms, and weeping and laughing according as the varying incidents of his song affect him. As a background to this scene stands the light birch forest glittering with its fresh sprouts, and filling the air with its spring like fragrance; behind this again the pines raise their dusky heads; and around the whole picture the mountain close their gigantic arms and warmly press forest, fjord, and bridal party to the mighty heart of Norway.

(To be continued.)

AN EARLY RISING FALLACY.—In olden times children were early taught that the instant they woke in the morning they must bounce out of bed, not waiting for a moment's consideration until they were safely landed on the floor. Some wide-awake children, whose eyes naturally opened with the coming dawn, could easily accomplish this feat; but alas for the poor little creatures who found it nearly impossible to shake off the drowsiness that pervaded their entire systems! In a pitiful state of semi-sleep they dragged themselves from bed and tried to dress. Those who retain vivid remembrances of such experiences of childhood will be gratified to know that Dr. Hall says that up to eighteen years every child should be allowed to rest in bed, after sleep is over, until they feel as if they had rather get up than not; that it is a very great mistake for persons, old or young—especially children and feeble or sedentary persons—to bounce out of bed the moment they wake up; that fifteen or twenty minutes spent in gradually waking up, after the eyes are opened, and in turning over and stretching the limbs, do as much good as sound sleep, because the operations set the blood in motion by degrees, tending to equalize the circulation; for during sleep the blood tends to stagnation, the heart beats feebly and slowly, and any shock to the system sending the blood in overwhelming quantities to the heart is the greatest absurdity.

CREAKING BOOTS.—Calico, linen, or thin flannel, cut to within an eighth of an inch to the edge, between the upper and the lower leather of the sole, will effectually prevent creaking. For boots that do creak there is no cure.—*Ex-perto Crede.*

PRACTICAL AIR CASTLES.

BY KITIE GRANT.

So this is the end of my dreaming,
Of my air-built castles of fame,
Of the triumphs in store that are waiting
For those who make good their claim;
A green-mantled, ivy-clad cottage
Midst roses just peeping above,
Where Peace and Contentment sit smiling
Securely defended by Love.

I'm the Eve of this fair, smiling Eden,
With my Adam to comfort and bless,
And feast on, from morn until even,
Kind words and a loving caress.
An honest heart's love is my treasure—
Which the world's sordid dross cannot buy,
In the wealth that is prized beyond measure
No queen could be richer than I.

And though gold is not heaped in my coffers,
Yet I know I have carried the prize,
The most perfect bliss that earth offers—
When I look in my darling's true eyes;
Constant mirrors of truth and devotion—
They tell me the acme of my life
Was raised, "highest, best," in promotion
On the day that he first called me wife.

I thank Thee, dear Father I thank Thee,
Whilst proud, happy tears fill my eyes,
That mid blanks so ill-fated and worthless
I've won in life's lottery a prize.
Though high aims and proud hopes are defeated
I am happy, so blest by his side—
And joy, supreme bliss to me meted
While he whispers—my darling, my bride.

VENERATION FOR WRITTEN AND PRINTED PAPER IN CHINA.

One of the most curious things about the Chinese is their veneration for all written and printed paper. They do not tear up and throw away scraps of such paper, but carefully crunch them up and either put the balls into the first fire they may come across, or they pocket them until they find a basket, which they are sure to discover somewhere near, placed for the purpose, and the contents of which are scrupulously burned. Such receptacles may be noticed in the street as well as in the houses, and one way of performing a meritorious act is to place urns covered in by miniature temples on the way-side for the reception and decent disposal of written or printed scraps, with the inscription over the tiny door-way, "Respect and treat kindly inscribed paper." Another way is to hire collectors to go round the town with baskets, and, on receiving their gleanings, heap them together on a sacred bonfire.

POUND CAKE.—1 pound sifted flour, 1 pound sugar, 10 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound butter, and spice to taste.

WHITE MOUNTAIN CAKE.—1 pound flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound butter, 6 eggs, 1 pound sugar, 1 teacup sweet cream, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons cream tartar.

DRIPPING CAKE.—Suitable for children and luncheon.—Mix well together 2lb. of flour, a pint of warm milk, and a tablespoonful of yeast; let it rise about half an hour, then add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of currants, and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of good fresh beef dripping; beat it well for nearly a quarter of an hour, and bake in a moderately hot oven.

SERVANTS REQUIRING THE CHARACTER OF THEIR "MISSUSES."—Servants in this country have not yet openly adopted the fashions of requiring a character of any one who offers to employ them before entering his or her service, but there can be little doubt they will soon arrive at this point, and it is interesting to learn from Consul Bidwell that the practice of insisting on employers producing a good character prevails among the cooks and housemaids in the Balearic Islands. In his commercial report for the year 1872, just issued, Consul Bidwell remarks that the year ended satisfactorily for the Majorcans, after the Spanish fashion, in consequence of the great Christmas prizes in the Madrid lottery, of about £70,000, falling to that island, this sum being divided among upwards of 200 persons, many of whom were domestic servants who had put into the lottery only a few pence, with which they won upwards of £100. Lotteries will therefore doubtless be a greater source of attraction than ever to the inhabitants of the Balearic Islands, more especially to domestic servants, who, he adds, do not require additional sources of demoralisation, and have become as scarce as they are bad. Matters, indeed, have come to such a pass in the islands that it is the servants who take their employers' character before engaging themselves, while masters and mistresses are obliged to forego all inquiry, and even close their eyes to known defects little short of immorality and dishonesty. The day is probably not far distant when ladies will have to apply to their cooks for characters, and employers who obtain servants by means of false characters will be subjected to severe penalties.

THE PIG-TAX.

We were sitting one summer evening in the window of our reading-room at Llanhowell, looking out rather sadly on the scene before us. The coach had just come in from Morvaen, and its passengers were finding their own ways stablewards, whilst the stable-helpers were busy harnessing in the fresh team; and we looked at this rather sadly, because it was the last day of the old coach. The new station of Llynpenmaen was to be opened on the next day, and the coach was to cease running and be superseded by the railway 'bus, which was now standing in its brilliant new paint drawn up against the side of the hotel.

"Deed, it will be a fine thing for the town," said the doctor, who was of the party.

"Yes, my boy, indeed it will," cried Lawyer Evans. "I shall do all my business now in London. No use waiting for assizes and circuits now. I shall take you all up to Westminster now, my boys!"

"Devil doubt you," said the captain, making a face. "What! as if you didn't ruin us quick enough the old way! Ah, well, I liked the old times best. You'll be a shabby outskirt of Manchester by and by."

"O, but, captain, consider the motion of the times!" cried Jones Brynbella, who was a manufacturer and a radical; "consider the progress of the intellects."

"Pooh, intellects!" cried the captain contemptuously; "why, you aren't a patch upon what your fathers were. Why, Jones, I've seen your father drink forty glasses of ale, and then cheat a sober man in the bargain."

"Well, yes, he was a wonderful man, my father, wonderful!"

"And there was Lawyer Roberts, who robbed everybody right and left, and lived like a fighting cock for fifteen years; and wasn't found out till after the funeral, when all the parish followed him to the grave. O, don't talk about intellects!"

"Indeed, he was very clever, yes, sure."

"Well, now, and where can you show me a man like Sir John?" Do you remember what Sir John did at the time of the Crimean War?"

"No; indeed, I forgot."

"You'll remember, I daresay, that whilst the war was going on the government put on a shilling income-tax? 'Shilling in the pound?' cried Sir John—'shilling in the pound! Why, that'll be a pound a day out of my pocket. O tam! I can't stand that.' And he came down to the Plas from London, where he'd been attending Parliament, in a very bad temper. The rent-day was on just then, and the tenants' dinner; and at the dinner Sir John made a speech as usual. 'My friends,' he said, 'we are engaged in a tremendous struggle, in a very pig war. We must all put our shoulders to the wheel, for the sake of our Queen and country. If need is, you must rally round your old chief. You should have heard the roar there was, for they were all very fond of Sir John; and indeed his strong ale was something to be remembered. 'But,' he went on, when silence was restored, 'we must all make sacrifices—you, and I, and everybody—I have to make 'em first of all. Do you know what the war costs me, my friends and tenants? I'll tell you—more than a pound a day!—' *Deud amwyl!* 'cried all the tenants; 'a pound a day! Think of that, David! Sir John paying a pound a day to the war. Dear me!—' And now, my friends and tenants, it follows that you'll have to make some little sacrifices too,' went on Sir John; 'but trifling—nothing to what I have to do. My friends and tenants, I've raised your rents five per cent all round. Now shout for your Queen and country, and for your landlords and protectors!'"

"And they paid it?"

"Of course they did, and were thankful to get off so cheap. Wasn't Sir John paying a shilling in the pound for the country all the time? O, you're a very loyal race!"

"And so we are, captain, and very fond of Queen Victoria, and we don't mind paying for her too, captain—only what we've paid before: it's the new things we don't like, captain. And what did Sir John do when the war was over?"

"He forgot to take off the five per cent."

"Dear me! that was clever. Yes, I give in to you there, captain; Sir John was a very clever man. But we've got clever men in these days too, captain."

"But we were talking about intellect," said the captain after a pause, during which the coach had driven off, and the square in front of the hotel had resumed its normal quietude. Now, to my mind, as far as intellect went, I never knew anybody to beat old David Gaur of Penllyn."

"O, come, captain, now, that won't do; why, David was half an idiot."

"That may be," said the captain; "I don't say he was clever all round. The finest intellects have a flaw somewhere; but, in his particular way, David was the cleverest man I ever knew."

"But, indeed, what was his way, captain? I never knew him do anything but run about at fairs, and earn a sixpence where he could."

"What! did you never hear of David Gaur and the pig-tax?"

"No, indeed."

"Then you don't know half the traditions of your country. Why, Jones, I, who'm half an Englishman, and have followed the colors half over the world, I'm a better Welshman than

you are. Why, I thought everybody knew all about David Gaur and the pigs."

"Tell it to us, captain; tell us the story."

"You know," said the captain, hemming and stroking his moustache meditatively, "that David had a peculiar gift. How he acquired it, nobody ever knew; it was said he was taught it by old Morris Morris, who lived to be a hundred-and-twenty, and that Morris's father had it from the fairies. But how ever he got it doesn't matter—he had it; and as he never imparted the secret, it died with him. I offered him a sovereign once to show me how he did it, and swore most solemnly I'd keep it a profound secret. But no. I wish I'd bid higher now; it would have been something to fall back upon in one's old age—something that Lawyer Jones couldn't lay his claw upon."

"But what was it, captain? What was the secret he had?"

"It was the art of frightening pigs," said the captain solemnly. "Ah, now don't go away with the idea that that's nothing. I don't mean startling 'em; any fool with an umbrella can cry Shoo! shoo! and do that. But what I mean is downright frightening them, infecting their very souls with fear, making them mad, so that they'll jump out of their very skins with terror. Now, you know, they're very imaginative beasts, are pigs, and at the same time they're very cunning. They're not to be taken in; and if you were to make all the horrible noises you could put your tongue to, they'd quietly whisk their tails and cock their eyes, and think you a fool for your pains. But this was how David went to work. You know that Penllyn May fair is a tremendous fair for pigs; they all come from the north side of the county, and must cross the bridge over the Dulas to get there at all; and when they've crossed the river, there's a long straight piece of road, with grass on each side of it, and high stone walls beyond the grass. Well, here it was David would take his stand, or seat rather, for he squatted himself down in the grass; and then he made himself a round hole like a basin, a foot deep, at the side of the road; and there he'd sit from early daylight collecting his tax on the pigs. If there were less than ten, he charged a penny, and so on, a penny for every half score. That was David's tax; and a very good tax-gatherer he made; he wasn't always altering it, shoving it up and pulling it down; but he put on a reasonable figure, and stuck to it."

"But suppose the people wouldn't pay it?"

"That was just what they made up their minds to, one fair-day. The principal pig proprietors held a meeting on Llanfer Green, and came to a resolution that they wouldn't pay David Gaur any more. You see, his reputation was traditional only; they'd none of them seen his powers exercised; and these modern views of yours, Jones, had got into their heads, I suppose. Anyhow, they came to the resolution, and stuck to it, with fear and trembling. Every-

body remarked how beautifully the pigs marched that day from Llanfer Green. There was a good body of them together, and you'd have expected they'd have given some trouble; but no, for they walked as orderly as so many Christians, as if they'd made up their minds to show how pigs could behave for once. Well, the bridge was crossed, and the advanced guard of pigs came in front of David's redoubt—the hole he'd dug in the ground. David held out his hat as usual for the toll. The master of the pigs shook his head. *'Dim tally. No pay to-day for pig.'* David understood the thing in a moment, saw through the plan of the revolt. Down went his head into the hole. Gentlemen, it's impossible to describe a noise. If you can imagine the most diabolical din in nature, and then make it twice as bad, you'll have a faint idea of the roar that came out of the hole in the ground."

"Where were the pigs? You must imagine a whirlwind of pigs, a simoon of pigs, a tornado of pigs! Little pigs, big pigs, blue pigs, white pigs, flying about like sky-rockets in every direction. They flew over the stone walls, they dashed over the parapet of the bridge; away they went—away east, west, north, south. In a few moments the country about for miles was spotted with flying pigs. And their masters, David and Morris, and Richard and John, and all the rest of them, where were they? Flying, too, across the country; bursting out their best trousers, barking their shins, and spoiling their gaiters over the stone walls. And what was the use of it? Did you ever try to catch a couple of hundred mad pigs careering across country? The fair was pretty near a failure, I can tell you; only the few people who'd stopped behind, and paid David his toll, and brought their pigs in quietly, they had the pick of the buyers; and through there being so few pigs in the market, they got pretty high what prices they liked."

"And then the poor fellows who'd lost their pigs came to David, and begged and besought him, with tears in their eyes, to call the piggie-wiggies back again; and gave him double toll to do it. But I fancy he wasn't as successful at that as he'd been at sending them adrift. Anyhow, after that, he always got his taxes paid in peace and quietness."

"Ah, don't tell me," said the captain, getting up and putting on his hat, "of your railroads and nonsense. Where will you find another chap like David Gaur?"

A GLIMPSE AT GRETNNA GREEN.

As Gretna Green is but thirteen miles from Carlisle, a recent morning of leisure at the "merry" town offered a fair opportunity for a visit to its neighboring village of matrimonial celebrity. On alighting at Gretna station, five minutes' walk brings the visitor to the little border river Sark, which gives rise to the fame of the locality. Two bridges cross it within a quarter of a mile; and these, in olden days, were the strongholds of their respective "priests." Once safely over either of these, runaway couples could be speedily united, by simple exchange of troth and consent, according to the spirit of the law of Scotland. Taking the road to the left, we soon arrived at the toll-bar, which every one has heard of. It is called Alison Bank; and there a man of the name of Morrier was hierophant. The business of Alison Bank, however, seems to have died out; so we walked a mile onwards to its more celebrated rival, Lang, at Spring Field.

An old crone directed us to Lang's cottage, and took the opportunity to discourse on the faded splendor of the place. "I mind the time weel when there wad be twa post-chaises tearing oop together, wi' gentlemen shouting frae the wind-dows, and the drivers lashing their horses like mad, and the first uns wad jist leap oot and rin into the hotel or to the priest's, and be made man and wife or iver the others could coom at 'em! Ay, them was the days! Plenty of guineas and plenty of drink for every one," &c., &c. We walked down the centre of the village, but no one showed any curiosity at the strangers.

"Why should they?" said Lang to us afterwards; "fathers, mothers, and a' have seen many weddings i' their time." Evidently weddings were the be-all and end-all of Spring Field. Having seen plenty of them, what more could the most active curiosity find in the universe?

The priest's door was opened by a little sharp-eyed, keen-looking man in shirt-sleeves, with a slightly suspicious manner. We had no ladies with us, and might be detectives, lawyers, or, still worse, lawyers' clerks, coming to bother him. Having done our best to disarm his fears, he somewhat reluctantly admitted us to a plain North-country kitchen, cumbered with a large oak cupboard on one side. We could not help being a little disappointed. There was nothing imposing here—no sign of awe, no token that despairing lovers could here, as by magic, be made happy for ever in a trice. The Temple of Mystery was after all something like a Freemason's secret. It had nothing in it. We, too, were somewhat disconcerted on our side when the priest asked our business. It was really as landlouping "chiels makin' notes" that we had come. After a moment's hesitation, one of us, putting a bold face on it, declared "we had come to be married."

Imperturbable and "canny," not to say matter-of-fact to the last degree, was the priest. He answered gravely—thereby showing us we were, though only just over the Sark, actually amongst the people who require a surgical operation to understand a joke—"Ay, but ye maun hae twa wimmen!" Nor was he much reassured at our laughter, or at hearing that we had already wives and children.

On our informing him that we had come in order to see his celebrated marriage registers, the canny Scot put on a business-like face. "There's naething done here without payment," he said. This little difficulty having also been satisfactorily adjusted, he produced from the afore-mentioned cupboard three square memorandum-books about half an inch in thickness, much thumbed and blotted, and with many scraps of paper sticking out of them or pinned in. These he placed on the table, and suffered us to inspect. The scraps were "marriage lines," some of which seemed to have been entered, others to have been preserved as evidence of marriage without the formality of entering having been gone through. Nothing struck us so much as the air of irregularity and carelessness which these books wore. Book A was confessedly neither regularly kept nor indexed, though there was an imperfect attempt at an index. This book commenced in 1771. The second and third books, it was avowed, were regularly kept, beginning from 1829 or 1830 to the date when we saw them. It was curious to turn over these yellow time-worn pages, and reflect what a romance slept in each entry; with what anxious persuasions and maidenly apprehensions many a fair and wealthy lady had at length consented to resort to the "priest's" services, whereof the record lay before us; what flutterings of heart hovered round each page; what passion and devotion, long since burned out and laid in ashes, flickered round these prosaic books! The entries were all made by the priest, and were of the briefest and most business-like character. On such a day and year, A. B. of such a place, in such an English county, married C. D. of this and that. A great element of romance, indeed, in English register-books of marriage was here wholly wanting—the principals never signed; the whole affair took the form of a short memorandum by the priest. Many a marriage was never entered, and many were the tales of rewards which made his mouth water, offered by parties for copies of supposed entries, but which could never be found, told us by Lang. Often and often had detectives, lawyers, and eyes rendered keen with anticipations of property searched these musty paper books (they were not even composed of parchment), only to be disappointed. We slowly turned over page after page, and almost every entry contained names famous in the different English county histories. Lords and honorables were far from uncommon. The gem of the collection, how-

ever, in the "priest's" eyes was the entry of Lord Erskine's marriage. This, he informed us, the Lord Chancellor had condescended to enter in his own handwriting. It was as brief as the rest, telling that Lord Erskine had on such a day married Sarah Buck; witnesses Elizabeth Johnston, John Johnston, of the Queen's Head, next door. To our critical eyes, however, the priest's story seemed improbable. The entry immediately before it was in precisely the same handwriting, and the word "John" had been altered, without any notification to that effect, from "Jno. Johnston," which it had originally been. Tradition told that Lord Erskine had driven up with the lady and five children of his first wife's, and had paid a fee of £30.

This led us to talk of fees. In old days they were supposed to vary with the station and wealth of the parties. Fifty pounds was a common fee, according to Mr. Lang. Even at present the lowest terms for making a couple happy are 12s. 6d. Payment is made when the rite is three parts concluded. Is this an imitation of the English-church rubric, or a needful security lest the pair should be less accessible to generous motives when the knot is once fairly tied? Very little ceremony is observed; the parties join hands and make a verbal declaration to each other, and the marriage knot is tied, only to be undone by death or—the Divorce Court. It used to be a common practice to go through the formula, in order to avoid notice, on one or other of the bridges over the Sark instead of at the priest's house. Mr. Lang informed us he had often so officiated.

Though the old runaway matches from England are now illegal, a fair business in the matrimonial line seems to be done with lovers of the neighborhood. "We ask no questions," said Mr. Lang; "simply caution all comers and throw the responsibility of their act on themselves." In his own words, "I marry all kinds; lame, dumb, maimed, even wooden legs—all come." All natives of Scotland, without residence, and by mere affirmation and consent, can be married at once. An English man can also marry a Scotch woman at once. All others must reside twenty-one days in the parish. Entries appear now to be regularly kept, and for the most part farm-servants and country folk seemed to be those who availed themselves most largely of Mr. Lang's services. We took the exact statistics of the last three years from his register, with the following results: In 1870, there were 57 marriages; in 1871, 49; and in 1872 up to September 28, 32; so that it is possible to earn a fair livelihood in the position of priest. These registers have often been produced in court, and held legal evidence. Many were the curious stories we heard from Mr. Lang bearing on this point. Recently, he told us, one A. B., as we will call her, a widow, but who used her maiden name at this marriage, was united by him to her coachman; to use his own words—"I saw her hand shake, and said, 'Are you not doing something wrong?' She looked up sarcastically, and asked, 'Are you a bachelor?' Then I said nothing more, and married them." Again, he mentioned the case of a farmer, worth £30,000, who was by his services united to his servant. His mother, being naturally indignant, spent £400 trying to upset the marriage, and the case was tried at Edinburgh before Lord Jerviswoode, the registers and Lang himself appearing against her. She lost her cause, Mr. Lang triumphantly informed us, for he produced seventeen witnesses to prove that the farmer was perfectly sober at the time the contract was entered into before him.

Such is Gretna Green at present. Its future may be briefly sketched without much need of prophecy. When the marriage laws of the United Kingdom are codified, the Gretna use will be assimilated to the general rule; and but too probably Lang will find his vocation gone. He is a phlegmatic individual, however, and only shrugged his shoulders and smiled when we informed him of his fate, and asked how he would like disestablishment. Probably he consoled himself by the thought that his calling would last his time; and it may be hoped for his sake that it will, as it is not very likely that Government would allow him a compensation. So much has been written on the past glories of Gretna—those palmy days when the crop of heiresses seemed as thick as blackberries, and guineas flew about for priest, witnesses, inn-keepers, postboys, and well-wishers, like snow-flakes on an April day—that it is only needful here to add a few words on the commencement of Gretna Green marriages.

When the infamous system of Fleet marriages in London was stopped in 1754, the current of runaway and clandestine marriages turned to Gretna. The traffic had indeed begun there about 1738; but now it assumed much larger proportions, from the ease with which the Scotch marriage law lent itself to hasty marriages. A man named Scott opened a place at Gretna, for uniting runaway couples, in 1753, and was accounted a sharp practitioner. It is on record that his rival, one Gordon, an old soldier, invariably married couples dressed in complete military costume, generally wearing a ponderous sword dangling by his side. Even in comparatively late years Lang has had his competitors. Thus in a recent report of a trial in the Probate Court at Westminster, the following evidence was given: "Thomas Blythe stated that in May, 1853, he was living at Spring Field, Gretna Green, in Scotland. Witness was in the agricultural line, but did a small stroke of business in the 'joining' line as well." Our friend Lang, however, can claim supremacy by prescription. His grandfather David was priest in his day; and was succeeded by Simon, who died in April, 1872. From the son's account of

NANTASKET SPONGE CAKE:—6 eggs, beaten together; 3 cups white sugar, beat the eggs and sugar 5 minutes; 5 cups flour, with 2 teaspoons cream tartar, beat 2 minutes; a cup of water with 1 teaspoon soda, beat 1 minute; 2 cups more of flour, 1 teaspoon essence lemon.

him he does not seem to have been of a very genial or communicative nature; and whenever the present priest desired to see the registers, he was roughly told to mind his own business. Luckily it is not an arduous task to marry a couple by the Scotch law, or William might have found it difficult on succeeding, as priest of the third generation, to earn his livelihood.

In conclusion, we beg to offer to the curious in such matters an exact copy of a certificate of marriage at the Fleet. It was recently found in the parish chest of a Devonshire village, and is printed on parchment, with the royal arms engraved elaborately on the left:

"These are to satisfy whom it may concern that [Samuel] Hies Husbandman of Sedmow in Devon Batchelor and Dorothy Kipping Spinster were married [at ye Fleet] London on ye [16th] day of [July] 17[38] according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of England, as appears by ye Register, in the custody of [E. Wheeler].

"WALTER WYATT,
"Minister."

This may be supplemented by a transcript of Mr. Lang's present marriage certificates at Gretna. It is headed by an engraving of a chalice and an open Bible:

"KINGDOM OF SCOTLAND, COUNTY OF DUMFRIES, PARISH OF GREYNA.—These are to certify to all whom they may concern: that —, from the parish of —, in the county of —, and —, from the parish of —, in the county of —, being now both here present, and having declared to me that they are Single Persons, have now been Married after the manner of the Laws of Scotland: As witness our hand at Gretna, this — day of —, 187—.

Witnesses {

M. G. W.

The Ladies' Page.

FASHION HINTS.

Three Fall and Winter suits just completed by an acknowledged authority will afford some indication of the Fall styles.

One was of black cashmere, the skirt plain and demi-trained, the polonaise long, simply looped at the sides, and trimmed with black buttons; black elastic belt fastened with jet clasp at the back. Loops of silk cord and buttons were attached to the skirt under the polonaise, so that it could be drawn up to walking length. Black buttons and jet ornaments have taken the place, to some extent, of oxidized silver upon all black costumes, but the change is a matter of taste. Buttons and clasps of old silver are still fashionably worn. Where jet is used, a jet chateleine is added, from which a large black fan is suspended, giving a thoroughly conventional effect.

A second costume consisted of skirt and long polonaise also, in soft, thick, satin-finished black silk. It was the same in design as the other, only the train was about a quarter of a yard longer. The polonaise was trimmed with a deep thread lace and was caught up with a wide side sash of the black watered ribbon, instead of being belted in.

It should have been remarked that both were finished with a fraise at the throat, lined with fine pleated crepe lisse.

The third suit—worth mentioning for its usefulness and adaptability—consisted of plain skirt, double-breasted Gabrielle polonaise, extra cape and cloak, the cape of which formed the sleeves; all of English all-wool waterproof cloth, marine blue in color. The polonaise and cape were trimmed with two widths of wide black braid and buttons; the skirt and wrap were finished with a broad hem stitched with black. The polonaise was lined with flannel to the waist, and together with the cape forms a complete winter suit, the waterproof wrap being adapted for wear in storms over any dress.

Symphonic or shaded costumes are in preparation for dinner and evening wear.

High hats are to be worn turned up at the sides, and mounted either with a smooth wing, as an aigrette, or a large ostrich plume laid across the top and curled over at the back.

Shaded roses and roses of various colors, clustered together, will be used upon black velvet.

Jet ornaments are used as pins and fastenings for feathers, and an upright fan of velvet or silk, or an Alsatian bow, for the front of hats.

The hair is very simply arranged. It is combed up from the neck, smoothly laid in a twist or coil at the back, rather than the top of the head, and fastened with a handsome shell comb. In front of this is placed a braid, which is fastened at the back and holds one or two long curls, which float upon the neck.

English prints improve in texture and designs yearly.

The prettiest patterns for the approaching Autumn have black or dark-brown grounds, with small figures of one color, representing part of a Greek square, a double leaf, mammoth snails, miniature comets, truelovers' knots, in buff, violet, blue, green, or currant red.

Others slightly more expensive are strewn with small white hexagons, with a tiny bouquet in French chintz colors.

French calicoes are in gay stripes of many mingled colors, in Persian fashion, and may be called shah stripes.

Cashmere has become a staple winter fabric,

and is imported in various thicknesses under different names.

The old time small-twilled cashmere restored to favor during the reign of Eugenie is still the popular choice, and seems to defy all novelties.

Polka-dotted cashmeres are imported for children's dresses, and for morning wrappers. The grounds are black, with scarlets, or else deep Napoleon blue or purple, with black or white dots, or lighter dots of the ground color.

Merinoes and the lower priced satines are also largely imported.

A novelty, called triple diagonal, is cashmere wool, not woven in its usual small irregular twill, but in three diagonal lines grouped together—a broad line with two narrower ones beside it. This slight change produces a new and very pretty effect.

Something of variety is given to the always popular black goods of mixed silk and wool by weaving them in tiny armure figures, pinhead checks, and almost invisible reps, instead of the long-worn twills and thick reps.

These armure and other designs are also brought out in colored goods of fine wool, but custom is not new in colors.

The soft Biarritz cloth in lengthwise reps is a standard favorite among winter materials.

Japanese silks and poplins are brought out in stripes of color—violet, blue, brown, and grisaille, with black.

These are not heavy enough for winter in this climate, but are worn very late in the season by ladies and children who live further south.

HOME.

The home does not appear under the same aspect to the man and woman. Much domestic discomfort would be avoided if practical recognition were more generally given to this fact. Man finds his proper arena of action outside the circle of his home. He may not at all times need to go actually forth into the world; nevertheless, it is there the objects lie which more immediately arouse his energies. But he is generally called upon to take up some position on the public battle field, and to bear his share, however humble, in the great conflict raging on every side. When he so appreciates his duty as to feel that his life must be real and earnest, he is under a compulsion to be ever achieving; and, even though he have a hearty relish for his work, and a due sense of its importance, yet, not to speak of the weariness of the flesh, it will bring to him fears, anxieties, and defects to tire and discourage, as well as hopes, joys, and triumphs to brace up and urge onward. Continually he is made to feel that he stands in absolute need of rest; and upon his home he naturally looks as that quiet spot to which he may retreat from his arduous struggles, where, putting his armour off, laying aside his weapons, and binding up his wounds, he may enjoy the fruits of his victories, or forget the pangs of his defeats, and by repose so recruit his vigor as to enter again into the warfare, and with renewed strength cope with the many difficulties he has to encounter.

But so far from the home being the woman's resting place, it is her battle field. Instead of flying to it to escape the turmoils of life, it is there for the most part she has to encounter them. It is the stage on which she is called upon to play her allotted part; and, considered well, right noble and arduous is the work she has to do. It devolves upon her to organize, regulate, and animate the manifold energies of her household, to develop the intelligences, control the passions, draw forth the finer, and curb the baser feelings, and direct the consciences of her family. To do all this wisely and conscientiously demands the highest qualities, and is to her as toilsome and exhausting as man's labors in his wider arena of action. Her rest then is to get away from the scene of her toils, to leave her home and go into society where her mind shall be freed from her domestic cares. "Let me repose myself at my fireside amidst the comforts and quietude of my domestic circle," says the man. "Let me recruit my flagging energies and refresh my weary spirit by quitting the scene of my troubles. Let me go to some entertainment, or to visit my friends," says the woman.

Thus it is obvious that on this point a radical antagonism as to their needs and enjoyments exists between those husbands and wives who most thoroughly fulfil their several duties. If, then, mutual affection, directed by sound sense, do not lead to such a compromise as shall harmonize the requirements of each sex, there must necessarily be constant opposition with its attendant miseries, and married life will not occupy that high and honorable position, nor present those attractions which are to be found in a healthy state of society.

For the woman—and it is with her duties only we deal—if she would gain that domestic happiness which all so much desire, yet so many, they know not how, miss, it is very needful to remember that a man's home should be essentially his place of rest. Were she to keep this constantly in view she would strive so to order that peace, domestic comfort, and tranquil pleasures shall there as much as possible prevail. For this end it would be her great object to make the family circle as enjoyable to her husband as she could by banishing all gloom, bustle, cold disorder and confusion, and letting him find that here he has that paradise of indolence in which he may revel in the ecstasy of repose for which his wearied body and harassed mind so long.

Depend upon it neither turmoil and disorder, nor loud talking and laughter, nor scolding and

nagging, nor, above all, fuming and fretting at every trifling annoyance can find any room in a home where domestic bliss is so enthroned that a man's heart yearns towards it. Nor, on the other hand, will it be a place where the chilliness of ultra propriety holds its sway, where all is so trim and rigid in its tidiness, so elaborate in its garnishings, and so spotless in its glaring cleanliness as if display not use was the object sought after. No, it is there where affection is enshrined amidst all that can tend to soothe and cheer, to gratify the wearied senses, and to calm the harassed mind, to which a man returns with joy after his buffetings in the world, that he may find the repose he needs.

OUR GIRLS.

THEIR HABITS AND LANGUAGE.

When Lord Dufferin, in a speech lately delivered at some Canadian gathering, pointed out to his loyal listeners the danger of letting their offspring become anything like those little terrors to life, the American children, we were prompted to recall our youth and discover if we really were all that such fancies have painted us. But as we read further in the nobleman's careful address, we could not help wondering if he were, after all, much acquainted with American children himself, and especially if he knew anything at all about our school-girl. For though it is tolerably true that she rules a large portion of America, the world of parents being her abject servitors, and their opinion going for little or nothing on any topic until "the girls" have first pronounced upon it, yet experience leads us to believe that she is not altogether the *enfant terrible* that we are told; and one of Mrs. Woolson's charming essays makes the belief a certainty; for most of us were school-girls, we will not say how many years since, and were a part of all the experience of that little cosmos of theirs, and as we read of their exploits in Mrs. Woolson's pages we live a portion of the past over again. Some one says that boys between the ages of ten and twenty should be put in a barrel and fed and educated through the bung-hole; and surely if one is about to pass the same sentence on the girl of like age it would be well to pause first and remember those days of spontaneous delights and extravagant warmth—days when the hat was tilted a pitch beyond any fashion but its own, when twin cherries were worn for ear-rings and mountain-ash berries for necklaces, when beauties were openly admired and faults were openly challenged, and when the sky was dark or bright as the chemistry lesson was learned or lost. The school-girl lives, in fact, not only in a world of her own, but, like the planet Saturn, inside ring after ring of her own; for the outer world is a vague nebulous world far removed; within that comes the home world; the world of blackboard and teacher is something nearer still; and close to her very existence is the world of confidante and bosom friend, of quarrelling and admiring, of enthusiasm and hates, of pickled limes and toffee. Here in this inner world of all, novel laws are supreme as the code of Rhadamanthus—laws of honor; here what a literature obtains, literature at which the rest of the world has even done laughing, but to her all the pathos is pathos yet. What heroes rule in it, grand, gloomy, and peculiar, and who, because she is so innocent herself, she has well spiced with sin as savoring most of the great unknown; heroes with an air of melancholy "that seems to hint at a terrible experience in the past and an unlimited account of remorse in the present;" a hero who reigns without so much as a thought of being pushed from his supremacy by the nice young man who parts his hair in the middle, and is the adored of the school-girl's sisters, but whom she extinguishes with her ever-ready satire by the sobriquets of "Pretty Dear" and "Kids!" For certainly she has no reverence for the sterner sex, unless it is all comprised in an infatuated worship of the head master, who seems to her something beyond a mortal, all the more when he detects her misdemeanors with his back turned and by the magical reflection in his blue spectacles. The boys, indeed, who accompany her in her classes, and always keep her dragging behind the rate at which she would advance, are regarded by her as mere dead-weights; and she never suspects their intellects to be the superior thing she hears them declared when these same boys are safe in their colleges and professions beyond the chance of feminine competition. And if she has a literature and ideals of her own, she has secrets too; what secrets, administered under what pledges of silence, secrets about everything and practically about nothing, and teaching her the uselessness of secrets ever after! And certainly the school-girl has a language of her own, a language of slang that would do credit to a Paris gamine. "After reciting all day in the most correct and classic English at her command, she revels in a disregard of precedents, and dashes off her ideas in few and resounding epithets. Her exuberant feelings demand for their expression only the most intense superlatives. Simple adjectives are discharged from her service as too tame for burning thoughts. Nothing can be to her merely good or bad; it is either perfectly magnificent or as horrid as it can be." The word "splendid" never fails her; she has, though, when that is powerless to express all emotion, another is "gelopious," signifying unimaginable raptures, and countless more mysterious yet, for she does not understand why the "well of English undefiled" should not bubble for her as well as

for the ancient corners of words. But another less pardonable liberty with her native tongue is taken by the school-girls, and that is in the adulteration of the name given her by her sponsors in baptism, and queenly appellatives full of associations with poetry and romance and history are metamorphosed into nauseating Lizzies and Katties and Maggies. It would be a waste of words, though, to reason with the school-girl on this or on almost any other subject on which her mind is made up, or on which she hesitates to express it. She does not condescend to argue, but she pronounces her conclusions true, because in some subtle way known to herself she feels them to be so. "It is only later in life," says Mrs. Woolson, from whom we quote again, "that she learns to resent the common masculine talk about woman's instincts as an attempt to deprive her of all credit for her actions by allying her with bees, beavers, and other curious creatures who work after a pattern set them in the garden of Eden."—*Bazar*.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

SWAMPSCOTT TEA CAKES:—1 cup sweet milk, 1 cup butter, 3 cups sugar, 3 eggs (whites beaten), 1 tablespoon soda and 1 nutmeg. Mix very soft.

VERMICELLI PUDDING.—4oz. vermicelli, stewed in water ten minutes, add half pint cream, 3oz. sifted sugar, 3oz. fresh butter, and four eggs (previously beaten); bake forty minutes. (Provided.)

BOSTON BUNS:—3 cups milk or water, 1 cup yeast, 1 cup sugar, flour enough to make a stiff batter. Let it rise over night, in the morning add 1 cup butter, 1 cup raisins or currants, then let it rise again before making into cakes.

NEWPORT SODA CAKE:—2½ cups sugar, 3 cups sifted flour, 3 eggs, 1 heaping teaspoon butter, 2 heaping teaspoons Merrill's yeast powder, or 1 of cream tartar and two-thirds of a heaping teaspoon of soda; salt and spice to taste.

YEAST AND BREAD:—Take 1 cup of warm water and flour enough to make it as thick as fritters, set it over a kettle of warm water one day. The next day add half a small teaspoon of soda or saleratus and let it set over steam till it rises and foams, then add flour, knead the dough and let it set an hour or two to rise, then bake.

MULBERRY PRESERVE.—Put the large ripe mulberries into a strong syrup, and boil them in a covered pan, shaking them from time to time; then take them off the fire, skim the syrup, and let it stand in a cool place for two hours. Boil again until the syrup has become exceedingly thick, and put into pots securely covered.

GATEAU DE POMMES.—Put 1½ lb. of white sugar into a pint of cold water, let it boil till it becomes sugar again, then add 2lb. of apples, pared, cored, and cut, and the thin rind of a large lemon. Boil all together till it is quite stiff, then put it into a mould. The next day, when cold, it will turn out well. You may give it a red color by putting in some juice of a shred beetroot. The mould must be wetted with cold water.

NAHANT ROLLS:—1 pint milk, 1 cup yeast, 2 tablespoons sugar, a little salt, 2 quarts flour, 2 tablespoons lard; let it rise over night. Place the flour in a pan at night, and in the centre of it pour the other ingredients, but do not stir till morning, then stir down and let it rise again. Stir it down a second time, roll it out and cut as for biscuit, spread on them a little butter, double them together and place them in a tin to rise before baking.

FRUIT CAKE:—"Mr. Editor, I send a recipe for a nice fruit cake that will keep a year or longer. 4 coffee cups sifted flour, 3 cups sugar, 2 cups butter, 2 pounds raisins stoned and chopped, 2 pounds currants washed and dried, ½ pound citron, 1 nutmeg, with cloves and cinnamon, 8 eggs with the whites and yolks beat separately, 1 teaspoon soda, pulverized and put in dry. This will make two cakes baked in 2-quart basins. Bake 2 hours. I have taken the first premium at our County Fair for four years on fruit cake made after this recipe."

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE.—Put a tablespoonful of vinegar in a saucepan, and reduce it on the fire to one-third; add a quarter of a pound of butter and the yolks of two eggs. Place the saucepan on a slow fire, stir the contents continuously with a spoon, and as fast as the butter melts add more, until 1lb. is used. If the sauce becomes too thick at any time during the process add a tablespoonful of cold water, and continue stirring. Then put in pepper and salt to taste, and take great care not to let the sauce boil. When it is made—that is when all the butter is used and the sauce is of the proper thickness—put the saucepan containing it into another filled with warm (not boiling) water until the time of serving.

BLACK AND WHITE DRESSES (TO WASH).—Take ½ lb. of the best yellow soap, and slowly dissolve it in hot water (about a quart), so that it forms a jelly. Wash the dress quickly in warm water, using the jelly instead of soap, well rinse it in two or three clean waters, and wring it as dry as possible. If you have a wringing machine with india-rubber rollers, that is the best; but if not double wring the dress. Have ready a basin of raw starch, prepared in the following manner: To two handfuls of Gill and Tucker's laundry starch, add a quart of cold water, a pinch of powdered borax, and a teaspoonful of turpentine, and well mix; into this dip the dress, and wring it out as dry as possible, roll in a large cloth for a few minutes, and then iron with as much speed as compatible with good workmanship.

SUN-PICTURES.

Her photograph
Lies in my desk. Upon those features dear
I see the smile: I seem once more to hear
Her blithesome laugh.

Sun-pictures! yes—
It bears me back to blissful days of yore,
When life for me one sunny aspect wore
Of happiness.

The golden morn,
When forth we wandered mid the sunbeams
mild,
And watched in woods how, like a darling child,
The day was born.

The purple eve,
When hand in hand we sat and saw the sun
Out in the west, his path of glory done,
Th' horizon leave.

The long bright day,
When, still together in the noontide sheen,
We idly watched across the chequered scene
The sunbeams play.

The sunlit sea
We floated o'er, or wandered by its marge,
And saw earth-pictured on its bosom large,
Eternity.

Too happy time,
Too full of innocent unmingled mirth!
For the low level of this shadowed earth
All too sublime!

Sun-pictures fade,
As fade the sunbeams from the darkling west,
As fades the truth from out the fickle breast
Of faithless maid.

The shadows chill
Fell o'er our path. Yet as I sadly gaze,
And think upon the happy bygone days,
I love her still.

Love her—and know
Though seeming dead there still shall be reborn,
And live again for us on some glad morn,
The Long-ago.

There, where no sun
Rises or sets; and where aside are laid
All earthly burdens, we twain shall be made
For ever one.

SWIFT AS A FLASH.

BY MRS. C. READE.

CHAPTER I.

"ONE DAY FOUND GRACIOUS AMONG MANY DAYS."

"Do come here, Louie, and look at this unhappy black dog!"

"What is there to see in him?"

"Why, he has been running up and down the road like a mad thing for the last five minutes, and he's covered with mud, and his tongue is hanging out, and—"

"And most probably he is mad," answers Louie yawningly. Four o'clock on a June afternoon is such a sleepy time. "I hope the darling Tootoo is safe indoors."

Grace Baird appears profoundly and heartlessly indifferent concerning the fate of that interesting quadruped (one does occasionally get rather sick of one's friend's "darling Tootoo," you know); her heavily-lashed hazel eyes follow the black dog aforesaid across the uneven road and back again. They meet his, anxious and imploring at the green garden-gate; they grow troubled and pitiful; at length they turn towards the corner where Mrs. Danger, the mistress of this snug little villa, is ensconced in a snug little arm chair, weakly pretending to read a "woman" article in the *Saturday Review*, and Grace remarks wofully, "I'm sure he's lost."

"Don't worry, dear, please; it's too hot."

"I shall go and look after him;" and Grace walks away from the window where she has been standing.

"He'll bite you, and you'll die of hydrophobia."

No answer, save a light footfall crossing the tessellated hall. So then, this wilful girl is determined to run the risk of losing her life at nineteen, for the sake of a wretched stray cur she has never set eyes on until five minutes ago. Louie Danger has no patience with such rubbish; and accordingly composes herself to slumber with praiseworthy promptitude.

There is silence in that pleasant summery flowery room. The bees hum idly in and out at the open window, shaded by a smart pink-and-white awning; a tiny breezing trifle with the pages of that most sapient journal now lying neglected at the feet of lazy Mrs. Louie. To sit still and do nothing appears to be the whole duty of man, woman, and child just at present; and yet there goes Miss Grace Baird flying out in the broiling sun, without even so much as a hat on to shade her pretty pale face.

The object of her solicitude is not gifted with

personal beauty. He is a lanky smooth-haired black animal, about the size of a pointer, but much slighter in build. She addresses him insidiously and whistles at him seductively; he eyes her with suspicious curiosity, cocks his head on one side, pricks up his ears, and finally sets off up the road, with his tail between his legs, as fast as his poor sore paws can carry him.

"What an idiot!" ejaculates she. "Here, dog, dog!"

He halts, looks round at her, sits down, and scratches his ear.

Another second, and she is off to the kitchen in search of bones and water. Emboldened by her retreat, the dog trots leisurely back again; he seems to have made up his mind that Berrylands is in some way responsible for the loss of his master, though how he is unable to discover. Just as he reaches the gate, Grace reappears with a plate of scraps in one hand, and a brimming bowl in the other.

Now the canine heart is easily stirred by the sight of provender, as easily as a man's; so by the time Miss Baird has set down her burdens, our friend is wagging his tail, and licking his lips as cheerfully as though fatigue and misery were things to him unknown.

"Poor old fellow!" smiles she, patting his head as he munches away. "Let's see whom you belong to?" and she turns round the leathern strap he wears about his neck in the hope of ascertaining the name of his owner. A brass plate glistens under her fingers; it is very finely engraved. Grace cannot easily make out the inscription; just as she deciphers "Captain" the sharp yap of Mrs. Danger's "darling Tootoo" salutes her ears. To release the dog and shut the gate is but the work of an instant; another, and the spiderish little morsel of black-and-tan and temper, who is standing growling and snapping on the doorstep, is being carried off to her mistress, despite her frantic struggles to get at the interloper, who meanwhile serenely makes an end of his meat-tea, without even deigning so much as a glance at her vixenish ladyship.

"O dear!" sighs yellow-haired, plump, decidedly prosperous Mrs. Danger, as her friend drops "the darling" into her lap. "I suppose I've been asleep. How extremely dreadful of me! Where have you been, dear? you look quite flushed."

"I've been feeding that strange dog, and I've found out that his master is a Captain Somebody. I couldn't read the rest of the name on his collar, because this little wretch rushed out and wanted to gobble up the poor thing."

"O!" and a capacious yawn; "where is he?" getting up, and shaking out her blue-and-white frills and furbelows.

"At the gate; do come and see what can be done with him."

"Very well; only mind, he's not to stay here." And Mrs. Danger follows Grace down to the gate, where he is still gnawing a toothsome lamb bone with unabated zeal and appetite.

"What a hideous creature!"

"Perhaps he's clever. Ugly people often are," says Grace, stooping down to make another attempt at the discovery of his proprietor's patronymic.

"Well?" inquires Louie, shading her eyes with her shapely white hand.

"Tew—Tewell, Captain Tewell. How very odd!" cries Grace vivaciously. "You know I was brought up with the Tewells. They were Indian children, and poor mamma had the charge of them. Fancy, if this Captain Tewell should be Rae. He was the eldest, and so nice!" she adds, looking round with brightest eyes.

"Fancy, indeed! Very unlikely, however. Things never happen in that sort of happy way, nowadays!" Mrs. Danger considers herself to be of philosophical turn of mind. "However, as we have found out who owns the dog, we can't let him get lost again, though how to send him back to his master I haven't the remotest idea."

"Suppose we go to the post-office and make inquiries. This Captain Tewell must be living somewhere in Wynbridge," says Grace, keeping tight hold of the dog's collar.

"Ye-es. Poor old boy! There, don't lick me all over with your greasy tongue. Fetch him in, dear; we'll put him up in the stable."

Forthwith Grace drags him through the gate. He is about the most unwilling visitor Berrylands has known as yet; people generally esteeming the right of entry to Mrs. Danger's charming little abode one of their choicest privileges, second only in fact to that of being more or less intimate with charming little Mrs. Danger herself.

CHAPTER II.

"ONE FLOWER IN A GREAT MULTITUDE."

Well, it does not take long to lodge the unexpected guest in an empty stall garnished with such creature comforts as straw and savoury sundries; so by half-past five, fortified by afternoon tea and the crispest, freshest of cool summer dresses, Grace and her friend sally forth to institute inquiries anent the whereabouts of this said Captain Tewell, concerning whom they both agree to feel an interest deeper than that possessed by most ordinary mortals for their fellow creatures.

They are fair to see, both the one and the other of these two young women, as they walk along the broad white road, fringed on either side with deadened gorse and golden broom and waving larches and the lovely silver birch, all tiny whispering leaves and glistening slender stems, and sense of great delight.

Perhaps of the two, Mrs. Danger, by reason of

her childlike innocent prettiness, her *svelte* figure, possesses the most attractions for the casual passer-by, and casual passers-by, after all, compose the major portion of humanity; she is so *bien mise* and satiny and smiling, this sailor's wife (Captain Danger is at present guarding the morals and timbers of one of Her Majesty's men-of-war somewhere off the coast of Africa). But for all her indisputable charms, Grace Baird can well afford to bear her company, and of this fact no one is better aware than dainty Mrs. Louie herself.

"You are very nice, you know, dear," she has said to the girl before now; "very nice indeed. You've a sort of saintlike expression which suits admirably with your hair and eyes, and you've a lovely complexion. O, yes, you have, though you are rather pale. I don't care about pink-and-white people, you know. I am pink-and-white myself; and you will have a charming figure when you fill out a little more; and your hands and feet are decidedly good; and altogether, if I wasn't married to Fred, I wouldn't introduce you to him. No, not for worlds."

And Mrs. Danger is quite right, between ourselves, not about her lord and master being likely to fall a victim to Grace's fascinations—for that spirited and gallant gentleman believes that if Eve, Venus, and Ninon were all rolled into one woman, and exhibited for the benefit of mankind, their representative would fail to equal his "little girl" in any one particular—but on the score of her friend's real loveliness; a loveliness of mind and body blending curiously, and fashioned the one like unto the other, in a singularly harmonious and satisfactory manner.

Dogs and children and sick sorry folks trust her at first sight. Strangers tell her things they would not tell to people they had known for years. An hour in her society, looking into her sweet eyes, listening to her soft voice, will make you love her, although you be not a lover of strange women; will, if you are weary and faint with the heat and burden of your noon, refresh and strengthen you as surely as a cup of generous wine, as the whispered lullaby of shaken leaves.

And yet she is no prig, no prim occupant of the domestic pulpit either at home or abroad. No; she is a merry soul, a bit of a humorist in her young way, fond of a peep behind the scenes now and then, prone to laughter, by no means despising the lesser joys of this terrestrial globe; nothing but a girl in fact, with all a girl's troubles before her, poor child.

All, I say! Alas, I err; not all, for she has lost her mother, that widowed mother to whose care the Tewell children—two girls and a boy—were confided long ago, when Grace was little more than a baby, by their father, Colonel Tewell, an Indian officer of some distinction, who had served John Company well in the Afghan campaign and on various other occasions.

Being left to shift for herself as best she may, Grace has for the last year occupied the delightful position of nursery governess in a clergyman's family; she knows little or nothing thoroughly enough to teach it to others, like most of our young women, although her poor mother took care to give her what is called a "gentlewoman's education." Her midsummer holidays began exactly two days ago; she is to spend all of them with her friend, Mrs. Danger, who has been her supreme ideal of feminine perfection for upwards of three years, their friendship dating from a period anterior to the said Mrs. Danger's marriage. Thus it is that you find her now perambulating the dusty Wynbridge road in company with that fortunate little lady.

They walk briskly along through the straggling village to the general post-office, situate in a grocer's shop kept by one Theophilus Wren.

"Can you tell me where a gentleman called Tewell—Captain Tewell—lives? We have found his dog, and wish to return it to him," says Louie, walking up to the counter and addressing a scared-looking old man, with a black-and-white tuft of hair on his bald head, like the scalp lock of an aboriginal Red Indian—addressing in fact the veritable Theophilus himself.

Theophilus is deaf and dull. Mrs. Danger shouts at him vigorously. Grace keeps outside the shop; she knows she would burst out laughing could she see Mr. Wren's bewildered countenance, and that might hurt Mrs. Warren's feelings. She is mindful of other people's feelings, this slow young person. At length she hears him say grumpily he doesn't like being yelled at.

"There ain't no such person a-livin' at Wynbridge, as I'm aweer, but there 'ave been letters addressed to a gen'lman as"—and he fumbles distractingly over a tangle in the piece of string he is trying round a parcel.

Mrs. Danger buttons her glove expressively. "As were stayin' at Mrs.—Mrs. Thorndyke's, I think let me see. Rose!" calling to some one in the back-parlor. A rustle of stiff cambric, and Rose appears; she is Mr. Wren's only daughter, and delights in apparel of the most *voyant* style and tint.

"Good-evening, 'm;" this with a smile and a wriggle which sets all the curls in her superabundant chignon dancing, all the lockets on her superabundant necklet jingling, and all the frills on her superabundant toilette crinkling.

"Isn't there a gen'lman called Captain Tewell stayin' with Mrs. Thorndyke at Chestnut-villa?" asks her father.

"Captain Tewell! O dear me, yes, to be sure; a tall gentleman, with no whiskers, nice-looking;" and Rose smiles at Mrs. Danger feelingly.

Louie shakes her head. "I don't know what he's like," says she; and then she tells Miss Wren about the lost dog.

That young lady "O dears" and "There nows"

freely during the piteous recital. When it is concluded she reassures Mrs. Danger that a Captain Tewell is at present participating in the hospitality of Chestnut-villa; moreover that she feels sure the dog must belong to him, having seen a black dog out walking with him and Miss Thorndyke only yesterday.

"O, indeed!" says Louie; "so there is a Miss Thorndyke?"

Grace hears every word, you may be sure, as she stands on the threshold, her face shaded by her Marguerite-crowned Dolly-Varden hat, her eyes bent on the ground.

"Lor yes, 'm! Why, she's quite a belle, and that 'aughty, though such a sweet dresser!"

Mrs. Danger raises her eyebrows sympathetically, picks up her parasol, and with a gracious "Much obliged, good-evening," rejoins Grace.

"Well, so you've found him out!"

"Yes. I suppose I must write him a note. What fun if he called, and did actually turn out to be your Rae Tewell!"

"My Rae Tewell!" cries Grace, a trifle scornfully.

"Well, Miss Thorndyke's Rae Tewell then, if you like that better. By the way, I wonder if they're nice people?"

"Don't you know them by sight?"

"Not I! People don't go about here with their names ticketed on their backs like out-flowers at a flower-show!"

Mrs. Danger is battling with a "follower," and speaks with acerbity. Nothing more is said concerning Captain Tewell, his dog or his friends, until they reach home; then Louie seats herself before her malachite and ormolu writing-case, and announces her intention of requesting him to resume his retainer as soon as possible.

"I can't have the darling Tootoo's nerves upset, you know; besides, delays are always tiresome," says Louie, writing "Mrs. Danger presents her compliments." "Shall I say anything about you?"

"About me!" cries Grace, flushing crimson.

Louie laughs, scrawls away assiduously, finally scrawls her address, and reads the note.

"There, I think that will do; just look at it, you're so much cleverer than I am," she says, tossing it across to Grace, who is seated in a *bergere* by the open window.

This is what she reads:

"Mrs. Danger presents her compliments to Captain Tewell, and is happy to be able to assure him of the safety of his dog, which having been found by a friend of hers, is now safely housed in her stables, where he will remain until sent for."

"Berrylands, Wynbridge."

"Well?" asks Louie, when she looks up again.

"Well, it's quite proper as far as I can see."

"*Cava sans dire*. The question is—" dreamily getting up, and ringing the bell.

"The question is—" echoes Grace, slowly taking off her hat.

"Nothing! Please take this note to Chestnut-villa, Susan," turning to the servant at the door, "and wait for an answer," most emphatically.

CHAPTER III.

"BY THE MEADOWS OF MEMORY."

Drip, drip, drip.

"How truly sickly!" exclaims Mrs. Danger, as she and Grace sit at breakfast on the following morning; and the world she looks out upon fully justifies her criticism, so gray and wet and comfortless a world is it.

"Take no notice of it," laughs Grace, plunging into the recesses of a biscuit-china honey-pot in the shape of a hive, with a bee perched outside. "It's the only way to treat disagreeable weather and people."

But Louie is not able to attain unto such a sublime height of dispassionate contemplation. So she continues to stare at the steadily-descending rain with a moody persistency more remarkable than wise.

"Shan't see a soul all day," she sighs. "Pass me the salt, please."

"I shan't die if we don't," with unfeeling cheerfulness.

"I daresay not; still you know it is awfully poky staying indoors for twelve mortal hours without a creature to speak to," dropping a scrap of toast on the "darling Tootoo's" expectant nose.

"Without a creature to speak to? Why, you've got me and Tootoo, and—"

"But I like somebody new now and then." Mrs. Danger is given to speaking her mind with alarming candor.

"Well, there's the new dog."

"The new dog!"

Grace laughs. "By the way, has that interesting animal had anything to eat this morning?" inquires she presently, when breakfast is pretty well over.

"I don't know. You had better go and look after him," answers Louie, getting up from the table.

"I will. I suppose somebody will call for him before long?"

"Most probably. Captain Tewell must have got my note by now, you know; he was out when Susan left it;" and Louie gazes at herself plaintively in the glass. She is not "in face" today.

"Don't I look hideous in green, dear?" she asks, turning to Miss Baird, who is consulting her watch.

"Not particularly; I mean, not at all. How dreadfully absent I am growing! Do you know, it's positively half-past ten. I had no idea it was so late!"

"It doesn't matter as far as I am concerned. Are you going to see the dog now?"

"Yes," and Grace is gone.
Mrs. Danger picks up Tootoo, thereby threatening that plethoric demon with instant asphyxia, and strolls off to the drawing-room, wondering whether she does really look so very ugly in *vert du Nil* after all.

Now there is a good deal to be done for the strange guest Grace finds, when she gets out to the stables, under shelter of a huge umbrella and her waterproof; and by the time she has supplied him with fresh rations and a new bed, and is paddling back up the miry road to the kitchen-door, half-past eleven is chiming from the church-steeple hard by. Vigorously she scrapes her boots before invading cook's snug sanctum. As she administers one final searching rub on the mat to her muddy toes, a sharp double rap salutes her ears.

"Whoever can that be, at this time of the morning?" thinks she, pausing; while Susan dashes out of the pantry and opens the hall-door.

Grumble, grumble. Their early visitor is a man, then. Away rustles Susan to the drawing-room. Back she comes again, more grumbling, the sound of masculine feet in the hall, the closing of a door, and—silence!

Miss Baird betakes herself to the pantry, wherein the clink of cups and saucers denote that Susan has resumed her occupation of washing up the breakfast-things.

"Who is in the drawing-room?" she inquires, unbuttoning her waterproof and pulling it off.

"That there gentleman as I went after last night, miss."

"What, Captain Tewell, the dog's master?"

"Yes, miss; that were the name on the card; and missus said as I were to ask you to go to her directly you come in."

"H'm!" ejaculates Grace. "A pretty spectacle I am, too, for men and angels, after fishing about in the rain after that animal. Do put me to rights a little. Thanks. What's Captain Tewell like?"

"Well, I can't exactly tell you, miss, but 'e's not much to look at in my opinion, beyond bein' as big as a 'ouse! 'E ain't got no color, nor nothin' of that sort!"

"O," and with a final pat at her plaits, Grace forthwith obediently hastens away to undergo the ceremony of introduction to this huge and colorless person.

"It is eight years since I was last in England," remarks he most sedately, as she reaches the drawing-room door.

An old Indian officer evidently, with a moustache as gray as a badger, and a liver the size of a pea.

A moment's hesitation, and she enters the room. Alas for the fatuity of her speculations! No old "Indian officer" is Captain Tewell; rather a remarkably handsome well-bred looking young man, with the very grayest eyes Grace has ever seen, she thinks.

"You see you are fated to lose your pet, dear!" smiles Louie, after all the functionary bowing and commonplaces are disposed of.—"I can assure you, Captain Tewell, Miss Baird has regarded your dog as her own especial property for the last twenty-four hours," turning graciously to that gentleman.

"Since when have you made that discovery?" laughs Grace, trying hard to feel at her ease, and coloring with the effort.

"I'm afraid he isn't handsome enough to incite any one to break the tenth commandment," says Captain Tewell. "His virtues lie below the surface."

"So I should imagine," replies Grace, somewhat dryly, looking straight at him for the first time.

Louie wonders whether she sees how well favored he is, with his bronzed, clean-outlined face, his crisp bright-brown hair, his acute dark eyebrows, his keen deep-set eyes, his rarely symmetrical figure, moulded grandly from head to heel.

"A man among men," thinks Mrs. Danger dogmatically, and she is right; but Grace indulges in no such critical reflections. She only begins to find it exceedingly possible that this individual, with the head of the immortal "quoit thrower," may turn out to be, verily and indeed, the Rae Tewell of her childish memories; for Rae had, as far as she can recollect, just such eyes and hair, and just such a sunshiny look all over his face, when his world wagged to his liking.

It is not her place, however, to be the first to broach the subject of his identity with her whilom playmate; if he cares to remember old days, he will remember them without her aid. So they all three talk on about the dog, whose name is "Mick," his adventures, his talents, and general characteristics, with the happiest ardour, as though the universe were Mick, and Mick the universe.

"We must have him up, and let him go through his performances," says Louie presently. "He will prove quite a blessing in disguise if he's amusing. A rainy day is such a fearful infliction!"

"What would you say to our rainy seasons in India? No sun, no books, no anything but the deluge for weeks at a time!"

(To be continued.)

MARSHAL O'Donnell, when on his dying bed being asked by the priest if he forgave his enemies, faintly replied, "I haven't any; shot them all."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

AN Odessa paper publishes a deplorable account of Southern Russia. The wheat in many places has been actually burnt up, and will not yield more than enough to pay the cost of sowing. Streams and wells have become exhausted over a wide tract of country, and cattle are selling very cheap because people cannot afford to feed them. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and in the matter of the wheat crop Russia's scarcity is America's opportunity.

COFFEE drinkers may feel an interest in knowing the average consumption of that article per head, in various parts of the world. It is said to be as follows: England, 1½ pounds to each person; France, 2½; Germany, 4; Denmark, 5½; Switzerland, 6; Belgium, 8½; Holland, 10½; United States, 7 pounds; but in California, which appears to "beat all creation" in this as in so many other things, it amounts to 16 3-5 pounds, or excluding Chinese and Indians, who do not drink coffee, to 20½ pounds.

A MASSACHUSETTS woman has recently patented a self-fastening button which needs no button-hole, holds fast, and yet unbuttons at a touch. Another woman out in Iowa has invented a machine for making lace, which runs one hundred bobbins, and makes collars, handkerchiefs and all the other fanciful articles of feminine wear, said to be equal to the best importations of the kind. If things go on at this rate we shall have women besieging the patent office as persistently as men. There will be no masculine retreat safe from the advances of the coming woman.

It is calculated that there are in France 22 children in every 100 short-sighted. This is not as a journal hints, to be set down to radium, but to the defective lighting and fitting up of the public schools, the wretched paper employed for copy and class books, and above all to the execrable type. The desks are so low, and the seats out of all proportion with them, that spinal affections are traced to this cause. Indeed a medical authority, a Legitimist—because it is essential to mark the political inclinations of savants—attributes the diminutive stature of his countrymen to the same circumstances.

BULWER says that poverty is only an idea, in nine cases out of ten. Some men with ten thousand dollars a year suffer more want of means than others with three hundred. The reason is, the richer man has artificial wants. His income is ten thousand, and he suffers enough from being dunned for unpaid debts to kill a sensitive man. A man who earns a dollar a day, and who does not run in debt is the happier man of the two. Very few people who have never been rich will believe this, but it is true. There are thousands and thousands with princely incomes who never know a moment's peace because they live above their means. There is really more happiness in the world among working people than among those who are called rich.

It appears from the "Congressional Directory" of the last Congress that of 317 senators and representatives only about eighty-seven were graduates of a college; but this number is not to be taken as absolutely correct, for the biographical notices of the directory in a few instances say nothing about education, and in others are suspiciously ambiguous. Of the real colleges in the United States there are altogether about fifty real graduates in the two Houses of Congress, who represent the educated material in that body. The truth is, that the present political system in the United States does not bring into the public service the truly self-educated and self-cultured men of the country, but merely those whose self-making rises no higher than the very low levels of money and party machinery.

ONE of the celebrities of the Quartier Latin, a Bohemian of long standing, who went by the nickname of Bouton d'Or, died the other day in the deepest poverty. He was in reality the Vicomte Boutonnet de Saint-Vallère, and had graduated in letters and in law. At the beginning of his Bohemian career Bouton d'Or was famous for his generosity; his purse was always open, and the wild youth of the Quartier Latin did not scruple to help themselves from it. Latterly, however, he made a livelihood by helping the students of law and medicine to write their theses, and was considered an excellent hand at eliminating the solecisms and barbarisms which occasionally disfigure such productions. He was to be seen every morning and evening at establishments noted for the best absinthe, where he held forth to the students while partaking of his favorite beverage. His death, which occurred when he was but forty years of age, was, in fact, caused by absinthe, the first glass of which, he used to relate, was given him by Alfred de Musset, the day after a distribution of prizes, at which he had obtained some success.

THE preservation of Moses in the bulrushes was not more miraculous than that of a little boy in Illinois, who was lately saved from death under the following circumstances. It seems that a Mrs. King and her infant son were passengers the other day on board a steamer, the *Jennie Howth*, that struck a snag and sank in the Ohio river. Several passengers were drowned, among whom were several children. Mrs. King was rescued and brought to Shawneetown without her baby, whom she gave up as lost. The next morning a party of men went out to the vessel to recover the bodies of the lost. Soon after daylight a mattress was discovered floating in the cabin, which was filled with water nearly to the ceiling. Upon examination a little boy was found on the mattress sleeping as

peacefully as though nothing unusual had happened. His bed was not dry, but still it floated bravely with its living freight. The child was at once sent to Shawneetown, where the other passengers were landed the evening before, and a crowd of mothers who had lost their children at once gathered round it in a state of painful excitement. Great was the joy of Mrs. King when she recognized her own baby, who had been tossing about on the waste of waters all night.

EUROPE has got rid of another pretender since the decease of the ex-Duke of Brunswick. An old man of eighty has just died in a shabby house of the Rue Vaugirard, at Paris, who was known to his friends by the title of the Prince of Crouy-Chanel, in Hungary, and as claimant to the throne of that kingdom. These titles he had inherited from his father, one of the emigrant nobles who fled before the Reign of Terror, and whose son, now deceased, was born at Coblenz, the chief seat of the emigration, in 1793. How the family had originally got into France is not stated; but it is certain that for some generations the prince's ancestors had used the title by which he called himself, and maintained the royal claim just ended by his death, which they affected to derive by direct descent from Arpad, the last native King of Hungary. Taken into Louis XVIII's service after the restoration, the late prince left it after a few years to take part in the Greek revolution. He is said to have been concerned later in Napoleon's unsuccessful attempt at Strasbourg, and was probably a dependant on his bounty during the Second Empire, since the fall of which he had lived in almost abject poverty. His pretended claims extended to the formerly independent Duchy of Modena, and the present Pope conferred on him the order of St. Gregory.

LEARNING LIVING LANGUAGES.—Children learn their vernacular language inductively. They understand many words before they are able to utter them distinctly. From those notorious facts it is manifest, that the practical way of learning a living language, is to associate familiarly with those who speak it. By this means, not only the meaning of the words, but the most salient of the grammatical rules, are habitually though imperceptibly impressed on the mind. The next best way of getting a practical knowledge of a language is to read newspapers published in it. For business purposes, a more than sufficient knowledge of German or French, can be easily learned from a few newspapers published in those languages, provided that the student is already somewhat acquainted with the elementary portion of the grammar of either of them. Experience seems to be conclusive on the fact, that it is impossible for any person, who learns a language out of books, to ever speak it like natives do. Therefore, our young ladies, who learn French at the rate of about twenty-five dollars a word, must not imagine that they can successfully counterfeited the Parisian accent. They can do no such thing. And if they doubt what we say, let them bear in mind, that many persons of French and German origin, speak English more grammatically than these young ladies themselves do, and yet their foreign accent is an invariable concomitant of their use of our language. We recommend these considerations to the attention of all concerned.

HOW TO CATCH A CANARY.—"The real way to catch a loose canary," says a writer in *Scribner's*, "is to collect all your friends and family and post them around the tree or fence where the canary is at bay. Let them all furnish themselves with plenty of bits of kindling wood, sods of grass, lumps of dirt, hunks of brick, curry-combs, boot jacks, porter bottles, and other handy missiles, and let them fire away boldly at the canary. If the bird cowardly turns tail and flies off, let everybody follow and slam-bang at him with their utmost vigor. It will be hard to confine this entertainment to your immediate circle. No boy whose heart is in the right place and who has any legs will refrain from the pursuit, and there are men who would leave a dentist's chair to mingle in the fray. There are cases, too, where a funeral would hang by a thread, as it were, in the vicinity of a canary hunt. Even from the windows of upper rooms, where sickness or dishabille may detain unfortunate enthusiasts, there will come, ever and anon, a frantic wash-bowl or a whizzing lamp-chimney to testify the universality of the public interest. Of course, in this rapid free distribution of firewood and paving materials, it will not be long before several of your relations will wish they had brought a tin umbrella along. But considerations of mere personal comfort must not be allowed to interfere. If you keep this thing up long enough, and you all fire pretty straight, you'll be sure to get your canary. And then you can have him stuffed."

ONE ghost at least has been accounted for. The story is that a wakeful man in Halifax, looking from his window at midnight, saw several unscrupulous cows foraging in his cabbage-garden. Accounted as he was, a man in white, albeit the wind was high and the rain was heavy, he rushed to the rescue of his beloved esculents. Two sentries stationed near by, beholding this spectral figure wildly flitting about the field, believed it to be a sepulchral visitant, and called out the guard to witness the phenomenon. With fixed bayonets the guard advanced unseen by the enthusiastic cow-chaser, so that when he did discover the soldiers he was as much frightened as they were, and retired to his house wet and disgusted. The cows seem to have got rather the best of it.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

"I'm so thirsty," said a boy at work in a corn field. "Well, work away," said the industrious father. "You know the prophet says, 'Hoe, every one that thirsteth.'"

A FACETIOUS young lady wickedly remarks that the reason that the peculiar equipages seen at watering places are called dog-carts is that puppies always ride in them.

A NEGRO held a cow while a cross-eyed man was to knock her on the head with an axe. The negro, observing the man's eyes, in some fear inquired, "Is you gwine to hit 'whar you look?" "Yes," "Den," said Cuffee, "hold de cow your self."

A CLEVELAND copper speculator fell asleep in church, from which he was awakened by the pastor's reading, "Surely there is a vein for silver and a place for gold, where they find it." Jumping to his feet he shook his book at the minister, crying, "I'll take five hundred shares."

A FARMER lost a gimlet in the woods near Monticello, Minnesota, three years ago, and the other day cut down an iron-wood tree, fast in the forks of which he found—not a gimlet, but a three-quarter inch auger! He is sorry he didn't wait a year or two longer, as a two-inch auger was just what he wanted.

A NOTED horse-jockey, "down East," was awakened one night by a violent thunder-storm. Being somewhat timid, he awoke his wife with, "Wife! wife! do you suppose the Day of Judgment has come?" "Shut up, you fool!" was the affectionate reply: "how can the Day of Judgment come in the night?"

A MINISTER who had a negro servant in his family happened one Sunday when preaching to see the negro, who was at church, and who could not read or write a word, scribbling away most industriously. After meeting he said to the negro, "Tom, what were you doing in the church?" "Takin' notes, massa; all de gemmen takes notes." "Bring your notes here and let me see them." Tom brought the notes, which looked more like Chinese than English. "Why, Tom, this is all nonsense." "I thought so, massa, all de time dat you was preachin' it."

ANDY JOHNSON is as big a demagogue as ever. A countryman came into town last week with a bundle of jeans to have a suit of clothes made for his negro. He saw Andy standing on the corner, and said, "Well, Andy, you used to be the best tailor in these parts, and I wish you'd cut out this suit of clothes for my boy Jim here." "All right," says Andy, and they stepped into a shop near by, and in five minutes an ex-President might have been seen swinging round the circle of a negro, taking his latitude, longitude and bearings for a suit of clothes. Andy is very ambitious, but whether such tomfoolery as this will get him into the Senate is more than any one can tell.

HERE is a pleasant story of the Rev. Dr. Stone, the immediate predecessor in the pulpit of the Rev. Adirondack Murray. Dr. Stone, whose church was in Boston, resided in the beautiful suburb known as Brookline. Fond of a good horse, and owning a fine turn-out, he was accustomed to drive into town every Sunday, and used to maintain that the ride gave freshness and life to his ministrations in the pulpit. One stormy winter Sabbath morning he overtook a respectably dressed young woman slowly plodding through the snowy street, carefully holding under her closely wrapped cloak what seemed to be a baby. The doctor, always gallant, stopped his horse, and politely offered to give her a place in his comfortable sleigh, at the same time mentioning his name and profession, and adding that he admired the courage and zeal which impelled her to walk to church with her baby on such a stormy day. Slightly embarrassed, she still accepted the invitation. "Let me take the child till you get in," said the courteous doctor. "Thank you, sir," said the young woman, with a blush and a laugh, "but—it's a pot of baked beans!" The doctor accepted the situation, joined in the laugh, and drove the good housewife to her own door.

LITTLE GIRL'S LOGIC.—Little Nellie, whom we all see every day dancing around the parlors, won her mother's permission to sit up in the ball-room every night for a week, by proving that she had four fathers.

How did she do it? This was the way:

"Now, ma, I have one more father than no little girl, haven't I?"

"Yes, pet."

"Well, no little girl has three fathers; and, if I have one more father than no little girl, then I must have four fathers."

Alas! we've all got forefathers, but little Nellie went a step farther than us all in her logic.

Another little girl toddled up to a venerable "mother in Israel" here, yesterday, who was leaning over engaged in reading, and, smoothing her little hand cautiously over the old lady's beautiful silver hair, she said:

"Why, oh has dot such funny hair—ou has."

Then, pausing a moment, she looked up and inquired, "What made it so white?"

"O, the frosts of many winters turned it white, my little girl," replied the old lady.

"Didn't it hurt you?" asked the little thing, in childish amazement. It was the first time she had ever seen gray hair.

OUR PUZZLER.

120. LETTER CHARADE.

I am composed of eight letters; my 8, 2, 6, 5 is a fish; my 8, 5, 6, 7 is what all tradespeople like to do; my 4, 3, 2, 8 are made to ornament the ladies' dresses; my 4, 5, 6, 7, 2, 3, 8 are used to 1, 7, 2, 3 the fire when it gets 7, 2, 3; my 1, 5, 6, 7, 8 you will find in a church; my 4, 2, 3 is a place in Middlesex; my 5, 6, 7 is a part of a yard; and I shall think you are very 8, 6, 2, 3 if you do not quickly find out my whole, which is one of the most interesting, amusing, and instructing publications of the day.

121. CHARADE.

My first was gentle, good, and kind
To me when I was young;
With fear of God she filled my mind,
With armor stout and strong.
She often took me by the hand
To gaze upon the brook;
Whilst on its banks we'd sit and stand,
And talk of God's own book.
My second is a useful link
To join my first and third;
And oft I've been afraid to think
That all was true I'd heard
Of my whole, but chased each fear away.
And in my third I dived with zeal,
Though mem'ry oftentimes would stray,
And from my work my thoughts would steal
To her who'd give the whole to me
Upon my marriage day.

So, now, dear readers, you've got the key,
Now solve me this, I pray.

122. LITERAL CHARADE.

In boat, not in ship; log, not in chip; wind,
not in rain; bruise, not in pain; least, not in
most; boil, not in roast; cold, not in heat; fish,
not in meat; and to have my whole is a weekly
treat.

123. DOUBLE ARITHMOREM.

- 151 and stab ann (a mountebank)
51 " or a train (void of reason)
101 " tan ear (a town of Italy)
1561 " swore or ho (a town of Russia)
500 " so a yes (one of Homer's epic poems)
100 " o or bark rap (a town of British India)
5 " engin (the close of day)
1000 " o ore (a Shakspearean character)
50 " let (a Swiss patriot)
501 " an a (a water nymph)
1 " shape on star (a celebrated comic poet)
1001 " rap (the last king of Troy)
1 " nice (an ancient people of Britain)
111 " tent (abolished)
51 " rage H (the chief town of North Carolina)

The initials and finals, read downwards, will name an English general and a celebrated poet.

124. ANAGRAMS—WRITERS AND THEIR WORKS.

1. Win mob, rejoice, tax thy band; 2. Nor penalty, hero, to mar folly; 3. Rank m brags loyal terms; 4. List, Archer, err, bang novel; 5. O, Horner, wilt whip a scandal? 6. Grin, monks got cheer; 7. Lo, men bled, when a rogue values metal; 8. Hi, alarm foe, despise just woe; 9. Turn, Moll, or we respect all; 10. Ah, all belief in thy vast enjoyment; 11. Fancy, move will gash at fame; 12. Hih, let mobs stay, wretch; 13. Limn foe, lash Satan, I'll preach to lorus; 14. I'll rank, Hal; collect her rich share; 15. Eh, understand a war prey; 16. I scold thy chat, don't yell; 17. Row, man moans, for snobs win; 18. Err, say my game harms; 19. Oh, L, she'll be jovial; he'll get fit men; 20. Man, has shone repent; acquit great foes.

ANSWERS.

90. CHARADE.—Cupboard.
91. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Loco-foco. 1. Loaf; 2. Odo; 3. Catholici; 4. Olio.
92. REBUS.—Marquis of Bute, thus: Motto, Alto, Roquelo, Querpo, Unbo, Indigo, Stoccardo, Oratorio, Farrago, Buffalo, Undo, Two, Eringo.
93. CHARADE.—Weal, thy—wealthy.
94. SQUARE WORDS.—
1. SARAH ZEBRA
ALIVE ERRED
RIDER BREAD
AVERT REAVE
HERTS ADDER
95. CURTAILMENT.—Pardon, Pardo, Pard, Par.
96. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—
A runs 200 miles, B runs 196 miles.
C " 200 " D " 188 "
B " 200 " D " 192 "
200 40000
A runs—x 200= " D runs 192.
196 39200
200 38400
C runs—x 192= " D runs 192.
188 36096
200 40000 200 38400
A runs—x 200= " C runs—x 192=
196 39200 188 36096
188 200 7520000 1175
A runs—x 200= " x 200=
192 196 7526400 1176
2350 100
— or — What A loses by.
2352 1176

97. SQUARE WORDS.—

1.	2.
HOPPO	FA'WN
OPERA	ALOE
PEWIT	WORT
PRIZE	NETS
OATEN	

98. DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

Y
DON
ARRAS
DORKING
YORKSHIRE
BUSHIRE
CLIVE
ERA
E

99. DECAPITATION.—Answer not received.

100. LOGOGRIPH.—Grouse, Rouse, Ouse, Rose, Nose, No., number.

101. ENIGMA.—Train.

102. SQUARE WORDS.—

1.	2.	3.
MOORE	SALA	YACHT
OCCUR	AVON	ABHOR
OCHRE	LOAN	CHINA
RURAL	ANNA	HONEY
(revel) ERELY		TRAYS

CAISSA'S CASKET.

SATURDAY, Oct. 11th, 1873.

* * All communications relating to Chess must be addressed "CHECKMATE, London, Ont."

* * We should be happy to receive a few unpublished two-move or three-move problems for "Caissa's Casket."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

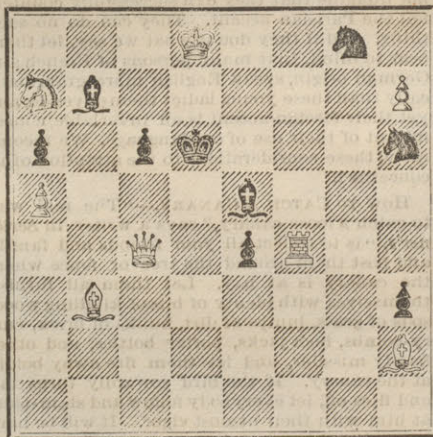
The "Rules of Chess" in Caissa's Casket this week were prepared for the FAVORITE of week before last, but owing to some untoward circumstances the manuscript miscarried. This accounts for their production after commencing our consideration of the openings.

ALPHA, Whitby.—The missing manuscript contained the following items for you: If in No. 9 diagram sent us, I. R. takes Q. Kt. P., there appears to be no mate. If sound it would be an extremely creditable problem, and we hope you may succeed in rectifying it. Your solutions are correct. No 13 is too easy. We should like to set our standard somewhat higher than "1. check; 2. checkmate," unless a multitude of variations gives the position claim to some attention.

PROBLEM No. 9.

By THEO. M. BROWN.

BLACK.



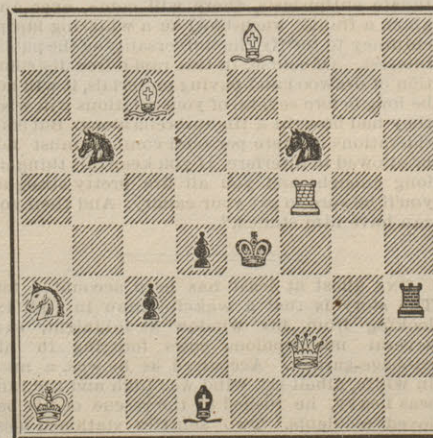
WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 10.

By W. A. SHINKMAN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 5.

White. Black.
1. Kt. to K. B. 5th. 1. Any move.
2. P. to Q. 4th, mate.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 6.

White. Black.
1. K. to K. B. 6th. 1. K. takes Kt.
2. B. to K. B. 3rd, mate.

INSTRUCTION IN CHESS.

By "CHECKMATE."

The Rules of the Game.

RULE I.—The board must be so placed that a White square shall be at the right hand of either player.

RULE II.—If during the progress of a game it be discovered that the board is improperly placed, either player may insist upon its being at once adjusted—the game to proceed after the adjustment as if no interruption had occurred.

RULE III.—At any stage of a game, should it be discovered that at the commencement of the game the Men were not properly set upon the board, the game must be annulled.

RULE IV.—The right of making the first move (if either player require it) must be decided by lot. If a series of games are played each player take the first move alternately.

RULE V.—The choice of color if either player require it must be decided by lot.

RULE VI.—Each player must move alternately, one Man at a time (except in Castling) throughout the game.

RULE VII.—When odds are given, the player giving the odds has the first move.

RULE VIII.—Should a game be annulled, from any cause, the player that commenced it has the first move in the next game.

RULE IX.—If a player, before making his fourth move discovers that he who commenced the game had not the right to do so, he may have the game annulled, and commenced properly. But after four moves on each side, the game must proceed and be considered legal. However, in a match comprising a number of games, the player deprived of his move in this way, may take an additional first move in compensation.

RULE X.—If in the course of a game a player move a Man when it is not his turn to do so, he must retract it, and if his adversary chooses, after he himself has moved, must play the man wrongly moved if it can be moved legally.

RULE XI.—A player must not touch any of the Men except when it is his turn to play, and then only the one he intends to move, or that of his adversary's which he means to take.

RULE XII.—The player who touches one of his own Men when it is his turn to move, must move it, if it can be moved legally, unless before touching it he use the words "adoubé," or others to that effect. And a player who touches one of his adversary's Men (under the same conditions) must take it. If in either case the move cannot be legally made, the offender must move his King, and if the King cannot move, he must play any other Man legally moveable that his adversary pleases.

RULE XIII.—A move is complete and irrevocable (provided it be a legal one) the moment the Man has quitted the player's hand.

RULE XIV.—Should a player be guilty of a false or illegal move by playing a Man to a square to which it cannot be legally moved, or illegally capturing an adverse Man, he must, at the choice of his adversary, either move his own Man or make the capture legally, forfeit his turn to move, or play any other Man legally moveable that his opponent may select.

RULE XV.—Castling contrary to the rules governing the move, or any other illegal move must be considered a false move.

RULE XVI.—If a player when it is his turn to move touch with his hand more than one of his own Men (unless in Castling) he must play the one his adversary selects, and if he touch more than one of his adversary's Men, he must take the one his adversary points out. If none of the Men touched can be legally moved or captured, the provision given in Rule XII, applies in this case.

RULE XVII.—A penalty can be only enforced before the adversary has touched a Man in reply to the improper move.

RULE XVIII.—When the King is moved as a penalty, the player cannot Castle.

RULE XIX.—The player who gives check must notify his adversary of the attack by saying "check."

RULE XX.—If a player say "check" and does not give it, his opponent may require him to retract the move upon which he uttered it, and play some other Man.

RULE XXI.—If the King of either player be placed in check and the check is not announced or discovered until one or more moves have been made, the several moves must be retracted, and the player who neglected to announce the check must make some other move.

RULE XXII.—If at any period of a game one player should persist in repeating a particular check, or series of checks, or the same line of play, his adversary can demand that the game be decided as a "draw."

RULE XXIII.—When a player's force has been reduced below mating power, he may insist on the moves being counted from that moment, and if the game be not won within fifty moves on each side, the game must be considered drawn.

RULE XXIV.—Should the board be upset and all or any of the Men throw off or out of position, they must be replaced, and the game must proceed in its regular course. In case a dispute arises regarding the placing of the men, the opinion of the player who did not upset the board shall always prevail over that of the player who did.

RULE XXV.—If during a game a Man be dropped from the board, and its absence is not discovered till after several moves are made, the moves must be retracted and the Man restored. Should any dispute arise regarding the restoration, which cannot be settled by appeal to bystanders the game must be annulled.

RULE XXVI.—If either player abandon the game, discontinue his moves, refuse to abide by the decision of the umpire, or wilfully upset the board, he must be considered to have lost the game.

GAMES AT ODDS.

1. The player giving the odds has the choice of color and the right of moving first each game, unless the move is part of the odds given.

2. When the odds of pawn and one or more moves is given, the pawn must be always understood to be the King's Bishop's pawn.

3. When a player gives the odds of Rook he cannot castle on the side from whence he takes off the Rook.

4. When a player undertakes to mate with a pawn the said pawn must not be converted into a piece.

5. When a player accepts the odds of several moves he must not play any piece or pawn beyond the middle line of the board, before his adversary makes his first move.

6. A player giving the Knight may give either Knight at his pleasure, and so also with the Rook odds.

In other respects the game at odds is governed by the rules previously laid down.

CONSULTATION GAMES.

1. The law of touch and move must be observed in these games.

2. Each party must be bound by the move communicated to the adversary, whether it be made by word of mouth, in writing, or on the adversary's board.

3. If either party in a game by consultation permit a bystander to take part in a contest, that party shall forfeit the game.

In other respects consultation games are governed by the laws previously laid down.

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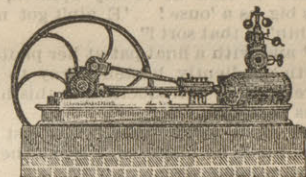
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